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The Week.

MR. JOHNSON has declared his intention of acting on Mr. Stanbery's interpretation of the Reconstruction acts, and in order to divide the responsibility has published the minutes of the Cabinet meeting at which he formed this determination, together with the votes of the different officers of the Government. Mr. Stanton appears as a minority of one throughout the discussion, thus proving, what many people have at times been disposed to doubt, that he has been throughout the late controversy a firm adherent of Congress. How under these circumstances he has been enabled to keep his place is a mystery still to be explained, but, whatever the explanation of it, his having kept it is probably creditable to the President. Mr. Stanton's influence has perhaps not been great, and it is not unlikely that it was the fear that a change in the War Department would be looked upon as indicative of an intention to appeal to force which prevented his removal long ago; but in any case his appearance at the council board to oppose both his chief and his colleagues shows that Mr. Johnson has preserved throughout the crisis some shreds of moderation. The record of Mr. Stanton's votes at the late meeting would have been of greater value if it had also contained his reasons. Those of the majority are, of course, furnished by Mr. Stanbery, and the country would have been the better of having a man of Mr. Stanton's weight state at length why he, had he been in Mr. Johnson's place, would have paid no attention to the Attorney-General's opinion.

A JULY session is now inevitable and necessary. The majority in Congress, after trying heroically to draw and pass a bill that would virtually sweep the existing State governments out of existence and lodge the supreme authority, under the Commander-in-Chief, in the hands of the district commanders, succeeded in passing a bill that left the State governments just where they were, and gave the district commanders hardly any authority whatever which is not possessed by the

commanding officer on Governor's Island. This exploit was sufficiently remarkable; but they achieved one more remarkable than this, for they persuaded Andrew Johnson that the bill they had passed was one of the most frightful laws that ever emanated from a legislative body; that it put the whole South under the soldier's iron heel, and made each Federal general a pasha, and a pasha, too, unchecked by the fear of his master's bowstring. The poor President, under the influence of this hallucination, sat down and wrote in "lewd prose" a gorgeous and thrilling veto, in which he showed that the bill aimed at a clean sweep of constitutional government, and would establish a brutal despotism, and would leave good Americans nothing to live for. In fact, the deception was complete. If the business of Congress was to play practical jokes on Andrew Johnson, the majority of last session would deserve the thanks of the country. As they have higher aims, however, they are going to meet again and try their hands once more. We hope this time they will make the job complete and put every inch of the South securely in the hands of Federal officers, so that their will shall be law, and the only law, until the work of reconstruction has been done in the manner prescribed by Congress. We think, moreover, a very good use of military power would be the transportation of Governor Perry and all other obstructives to some bright little isle, there to remain, without pen, ink, or paper, till the South is back in the Union. The question before the South just now is not how to conduct a constitutional government, but how to create one; and all attempts to limit the powers of the military officers by constitutional precedents and doctrines is as absurd as to insist on the architect of the new State capitol taking *Cushing's Manual* for his guide in drawing the plans. People will readily forgive Congressmen for their blundering if in the coming session they will confine themselves to a rectification of their blundering in the matter of reconstruction; but the fact that gold began to rise as soon as it appeared that they were to meet in July is a striking indication of the want of public confidence in their discretion and self-control. The hot weather will, however, probably limit debate and curb zeal, and we shall see the reconstruction machine once more in good working order by the first of August.

THE President's journey to Boston has been singularly uneventful. In this city he saw few people, and those few were mostly persons on whom he had official claims for attention. At various cities along the road he received the ordinary civilities. The only outburst of enthusiasm came from Mrs. D. C. Peck, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who handed him at the station a gushing note and a bouquet. The Masonic celebration in Boston, at which he assisted, appears to have been showy and impressive, but the reports in the daily papers are of such a character that nobody who was not present can tell much about it. Even the *New York Times*, which usually keeps its more excitable reporters tied up, seems to have let one loose on this occasion, and he proved nearly a match for some of *The Tribune's* wildest and most untamable. He reports the Masonic temple at Boston as bearing the same relation to Masonry that the Cathedral of Fribourg and the Ducal Palace at Venice bear to the "religious sentiment," but what this means it would take a "Resident Commissioner," as *The Tribune* calls its emissaries in Europe, to explain. The chandelier reminded him "of the regions where storm and sunshine thrust their splintery forms through the everlasting snows," and the Knights Templars in procession recalled to his softened fancy the "craftsmen" parading "the *Via Sacra* after the Acropolis at Eleusis was completed;" while their white aprons struck him as "more honorable than the Roman eagle!" We recommend *The Times* to make a "Resident Commissioner" of this gentleman. He is thrown away on provincial home jobs.

APPARENTLY the President's tour has given much satisfaction to the President and more pleasure to the citizens of Massachusetts than was expected. Something of the civility paid him was paid to the Masonic brother, and a good deal of it to the high official, and probably some part of it to the man, but it was all civility. No cities but Philadelphia and Worcester, we believe, treated the visitor with lack of courtesy. The speeches by Governor Bullock and the mayors were not very cordial, to be sure, but, considering the President's feelings and forgetting those of the rest of us, they were better than no speeches at all. The President's were empty, and without other evidence would prove pretty well that he had assistance in producing his messages. They are very poor speeches. Mr. Seward did on one occasion put a little life into his utterances. Some hisses mingling with the applause when he was called out at Boston seem to have stung him, and he rebuked Massachusetts for keeping North Carolina out of the Union, and prophesied that the thing could not long be done. But in comparison with the equal want of dignity shown in the Secretary's telegram to Farragut, the spitefulness of the speech is pleasant rather than otherwise. But it is not to be forgotten that within the last two years or so Mr. Seward has gone through enough to account for a good deal of what in his manners is not fitting.

SHERIDAN was not ordered unconditionally to extend the time for registration, but was told to extend the time if he had no good reasons to the contrary. He had such reasons; and to one of them force has since been added by Sickles, who asks Senator Wilson for a great deal more money to complete the business of reconstruction in the Carolinas. The large additional expense constitutes one of Sheridan's reasons for not keeping the registrars at work; that there are no more people to be registered is another reason; that Louisiana has had as much time as the other district commanders have given is another reason. These are enough. Sheridan is not content, however, till he has told General Grant what he thinks of the Attorney-General's decision, and he adds, with a bluntness that it is not very hard to forgive, "I regret that I should have to differ with the President, but it must be recollected that I have been ordered to execute a law to which the President has been in bitter antagonism," which truth embodies a very excellent reason for Sheridan's doing all that he has done; but perhaps any very cogent reason for saying just this it would be vain to seek outside of Sheridan's own impetuous disposition. James B. Steedman, we see, has telegraphed to the President that "Sheridan must be at once removed." For those who know the two generals, the simple statement of this fact will be sufficient without comment.

THE Ohio Republicans have gone decidedly ahead of their position of a year ago. One of the resolutions passed at their State Convention on Wednesday week places the party "on the simple and broad platform of impartial manhood suffrage." There is now before the people an amendment to the State constitution which provides that negroes may vote, and we begin to think its ratification may be expected. At all events, the Republican party in Ohio must be held to have purged itself with due form of the heresy of last year, and the defeat of the measure, if it is defeated, will lie at the door of the Democrats, who, if they do defeat it, will no doubt turn round as one man, from Texas to Maine, and insist on being told why the Radicals, who pretend to love the nigger, don't enfranchise him at the North as well as at the South. We shall be disappointed if New York does not follow the example of her Western neighbor, and at any rate manhood suffrage throughout the North cannot be very long delayed, it having become one of the things which everybody thinks must be done quickly before the other party does it.

WE are not of those who pretend to a clear idea of the extent of Indian hostilities at the West or of the prospect of a speedy repression of them. The published telegrams abound in stories of "battles" and "massacres," some of which have been proved to be, in plain language, diabolical inventions. The despatches from the civil officials are filled with apprehension and with censure of the War Department; those from the military commanders seem to depreciate the danger—which is what we might expect from both parties. But it is painful to

observe that all the ferocity displayed proceeds from the civilians, with Gov. Hunt at their head. Indeed, what some of the good people of Denver indignantly denounced as calumny in Hepworth Dixon's account of white scalping, is shown to be no calumny at this juncture. Not always, we do believe, do the far Westerners hold the life of an Indian in as much contempt as the Southerner once held the negro's, but in the hot blood caused by his depredations and violence the savage must not expect mercy, and does not, though we wish for the American reputation he might expect to be put to death in a Christian manner. He is not, however, so much to be pitied as those who, by warfare with him, are brought down to the same level of brutality; and for the sake of the generation that is educated into familiarity with this bloodshed, of which nobody may boast, it is to be hoped the miserable conflict may soon terminate.

THE new minister to Mexico, Marcus Otterburg, or, as some of his friends or enemies now style him, the "Marquis d'Otterbourg," is a German of the Jewish persuasion, who came to this country a very young man, in 1852, with very few acquired advantages. He is a native of Landau, and we presume had not at that time given much attention to diplomacy, as he began life in his adopted country by opening a small cigar store at Milwaukee. In this business he failed miserably, and was pursued with some vindictiveness by angry creditors. He then, we believe, acted as treasurer for an itinerant theatrical company, of which his wife was one of the stars, and then betook himself to journalism. In this field he figured as advertising agent, and collector of "personal items," for a small German paper in Milwaukee, in which capacity he earned the gratitude of some prominent Republican politicians, and his claims for a small clerkship were urged earnestly by them on Mr. Lincoln. He was appointed Consul to Mexico as a compromise, was well received by Maximilian, but found one thousand dollars a year too small a sum with which to cut a respectable figure in court circles, and, like a sensible man, resigned. Mr. Seward insisted on his remaining at his post, however, and now, we suppose as a reward of his constancy, has made him minister. For all of this Mr. Otterburg is in no way to blame, but we think the public will agree with us in thinking that the country has not got so hard beset for public servants that it is forced to draw upon the ranks of the German-Jewish immigration whenever it wants diplomatists for posts requiring unusual tact, discretion, and training.

SENATOR WADE's speech in Kansas, on the relations of capital and labor, about which there has been so much talk, and in which he hinted mysteriously that something might be done by legislation to promote a more equal distribution of property, has very little importance, except as an indication of the embarrassment of the position in which some gentlemen will find themselves when the Reconstruction controversy is over. There is, of course, no way in which inequality in property can be prevented except by having an equal division of goods every ten years or thereabouts, and the probabilities are that not more than one or at most two such divisions would be necessary, as after that time those who remained within reach of Mr. Wade's legislation would have so little to divide that it would hardly pay to carry the law into effect. The energetic, industrious, sagacious, and frugal have an unbrotherly way of getting rich faster than the slothful, the lazy, the stupid, ignorant, and drunken, and, what is worse, they have an odious fondness for keeping the fruits of their own toil for themselves and their children. Unhappily, too, there is no country in the world in which this class of persons is so large as in this, and we greatly fear that, as soon as they saw Mr. Wade and his shiftless protégés proposing to go shares in their goods or chattels, they would either take arms and put him and them out of the reach of want, or they would take themselves out of the country. In either case the new régime would be short-lived and full of misery. The desire which afflicts people who want property to be fairly divided by law, and of which Mr. Wade now shows symptoms, is one of the oldest in the world, and the best known, though its forms are various. Its origin is always the same—the inbred desire of men of all races to have plenty to eat and drink and wear with little or no labor. In the ancient world it showed itself in plunder and in slavery, which is simply a disguised

form of plunder—a more roundabout way of living on the results of other people's industry. In modern times it takes a much milder form, is called "charity," and the "brotherhood of man," and the "rights of the poor," etc., and breaks out in proposals for communistic legislation. The workmen of the European continent, and particularly of France, had a bad attack of it about twenty years ago, but they are rapidly recovering from it. It seems to have stealthily crossed the ocean, and is now showing itself as an epidemic in some localities amongst us. Congressmen, doubtless owing to their exhausting labors and protracted vigils, seem to be peculiarly liable to it, and we are afraid it will make terrible ravages both in the Senate and House, but particularly in the House, during the next two or three years. Like cholera, it fastens most readily on those who have no steady and healthful occupation for their minds and bodies, a fact which suggests strongly the necessity of providing some manly and invigorating employment for the national legislature after the negro suffrage and the woman suffrage shall have been disposed of. One of the worst symptoms has already exhibited itself in Mr. Wade's case, namely, the strongly expressed wish of the patient to keep "in advance" of the rest of mankind on all possible questions. Cases have occurred in which the victim has been thrown into severe convulsions by the belief that the rest of the public were catching up with him, or that he had reached the last extreme and could go no further.

A WRITER in the *Wilmington Commercial* argues the duty of Congress to take Delaware in hand and provide her with a republican form of government, under the well-known clause of the Constitution which Mr. Sumner thinks available for imposing negro suffrage on the North, and which the writer would also employ for correcting the unequal apportionment of political power in Delaware. His difficulty, and it is that of all those who have sought to give vitality to the clause in question, is that no State can be shown to have a less republican form of government now than when it took part in framing and adopting the Constitution, which thereupon became the certificate of its republicanism; whereas all the seaboard slave States, Delaware included, are, by the abolition of slavery, nearer the ideal republic than ever. But such an act of Congress as would satisfy the minority of legal voters in Delaware, though it might make the Union homogeneous, would not content everybody, nor would it settle the definition of a "republican form of government." There will be plenty of women and not a few men to assert that we have still only sham republics, so long as sex is a condition of the suffrage. It will do no harm if the discussion continue a little longer, so that, when our ideas of "equality" and "right" are fixed, we may amend or interpret the Constitution once and for all.

It is interesting to know that Mr. C. L. Vallandigham never said the Northern troops should march over his dead body; that he never was the man to say there would be no war; that he opposed the war as waged by the South and as waged by the North; that during the war his crime was that he loved the old Federal Republic, not wisely, we would add, but too well. Like Swinburne's hero, he would have had the object of his affection remain uncured of her leprosy for fear that when healed she would decline to receive his addresses. Also he is very like the British regulars at the battle of Monmouth, who are said to have lived a long time after they were killed. The last tears were shed over poor Mr. Vallandigham's political tomb many months ago, yet here he is writing political letters as if it were incumbent on him to commit political suicide. It is to a Mr. Clay that Mr. Vallandigham writes his letters; and his object in writing is to deny the truth of certain injurious statements made by Senator Wilson. His only apology, he says, for noticing anything that comes from such a source, is that Mr. Wilson is the successor in the Senate of Daniel Webster, and has recently "experienced religion." We do not observe that Mr. Wilson has answered him, and this ought to persuade Mr. Vallandigham to lie down and be quiet. No one knows better than Mr. Wilson who in the political field is quick and who is dead.

THE continued retirement of the Queen, and her refusal to represent the kingdom, either in entertaining foreign potentates or London so-

ciety, although she has now mourned her husband five years, continue to excite much criticism and dissatisfaction in England. The matter has been a good deal commented on already, but the *London Times* has lately ventured on more plain speech than any English newspaper has ever before ventured to address to an English sovereign. It warns her that the prolonged absence of the monarch from the public eye will gradually familiarize the people with the idea that the nation can get on very well without a monarch, and that if she persists in her present course she is not at all unlikely to leave the throne to her son in a damaged condition, and that what renders the experiment all the more dangerous just now is the immense change in the composition of the governing classes which the reform bill now passing will effect. Unfortunately, too, the Prince of Wales's character and pursuits are not of a nature to reconcile the country to his mother's seclusion. He has all the marks and tokens of what is called a "fast man," and does not conceal the fact that even the most trifling duties of his position bore him horribly. A century ago this might have passed without danger. In those days kings were sacred animals whom nations maintained fat and sleek, as the Egyptians did their two bulls, as indispensable to the national existence and happiness. But those days have passed away. There is still enough love of form and ceremonial left in the Old World to reconcile people to paying large salaries to kings and queens for keeping them up, but it would be highly dangerous for any monarch to persist long in doing what Victoria is now doing—drawing the salary without doing the work. Mr. Bagehot's remarkable book on the English Constitution contains a striking passage, to which the present crisis in England gives additional point, showing the influence which the growth of strictly matter-of-fact, utilitarian political communities in America and Australia exerts, and is likely to exert, in sapping the old European reverence for royalty, and he hints at the possibility of the English king passing before long silently away, and leaving the nation governed, as now, by a Parliament electing its own leader. What renders the matter all the more interesting is the gradual decline of the House of Lords, which has dwindled with tremendous rapidity in the course of half a century into a venerable form. The average attendance of peers is about five, and their political influence is about in the ratio of their industry. They are indolent, incompetent, and as a body perishing before the rationalism of the age. The creation of life peers which Lord Palmerston attempted ten years ago would have revived them, but they would none of it. It is proposed to save them from the reformed House of Commons by abolishing proxies, making a quorum necessary to the transaction of business. At present two peers may constitute the House of Lords; but it is very unlikely that any remedy would now avail. Their disease is organic, not functional. When Burke, in his magnificent burst at the close of his Warren Hastings speech, prayed that their lordships "might long stand as an ornament of virtue, and a security for virtue, the terror of tyrants, the refuge of an afflicted nation, a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice," he little thought that in seventy-four years they would be within an inch of perishing from the most ignoble of all diseases—laziness.

It appears it was the Rothschilds who agreed to lend the 600,000 francs to the Italian Government on church property, and afterwards backed out of the agreement, and then threatened vengeance if their proceedings were exposed. The Italian Ministry, nothing daunted, however, have exposed it, and hinted, amidst the cheers of the Chamber, at an appeal to the courts. A new convention has now been concluded with Messrs. Erlanger and Fould, and the money will accordingly be forthcoming. The rumors of a possible *coup d'état* which have been long floating about have been indignantly denied. The King is a trifle too Catholic for the tastes of his people, but of his loyalty to the constitution there is, his friends say, no question. Just at present he is occupied in getting his sons married. The projected marriage of Prince Humbert with the Archduchess Matilda, the daughter of the victor of Custoza, and the granddaughter of the more famous Archduke Charles, has failed through the untimely death of the lady, who perished in her own drawing-room, in the midst of her friends and attendants, in the bloom of youth and health, of treading on a lucifer match.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"BYRON," the book written by "the Guiccioli," latterly known as the Marquise de Boissy, which is issued in Paris, is to be republished in this country by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, who announce it. The same house have received some of the sheets of an interesting work of which they may be called the American publishers, though it forms one of Tauchnitz's new series of English translations of German authors. The author in this case is one not known to American readers, Fritz Reuter, and the book is called "In the Year Thirteen." Reuter has a great German reputation as a humorous writer in both prose and verse. In the days when there was a German Milton, a German Plato, a German Voltaire, and it was the fashion to christen German authors with foreign names, Reuter would probably have been called the German Burns. "In the Year Thirteen" and some if not all others of his works are composed in a dialect—Platt-Deutsch—which bears about the same relation to literary German that Lowland Scotch bears to literary English. Mr. C. L. Lewes, son of Mr. G. H. Lewes, is the translator, and his difficult task—for to many Germans the dialect above-mentioned is unintelligible—has apparently been well done. Another book about to be issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt is Spooner's "Biographical History of the Fine Arts." This work is well known, and in this new edition appears in a handsomer and stouter outside dress than it has ever worn before. It is printed from the plates formerly owned by Mr. G. P. Putnam, and now in the hands of Mr. J. Bouton.—Mr. W. J. Widdleton will this fall add to his reprint of "The Amenities of Literature" and "The Curiosities of Literature" two books which will complete the set of the elder Disraeli's works, namely, a volume of "Miscellanies" and "The Quarrels and Calamities of Authors."—Among the works announced by Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. are "Poems," by F. S. Cozzens (author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers"); Lord Strangford's translation of poems from the Portuguese of Louis de Camoens; a translation of Dr. Max Parchappe's "Galileo: his Life, his Discoveries, and his Works;" "A Treatise on Melancholy," from the French of Dr. E. Du Vivier; and "Geology for General Readers," by David Page, F.R.S.E.—Harper & Brothers announce a reprint of Miss Strickland's abridged "Queens of England;" of the same author's "Foundling Willie;" and of Dr. Smith's "Smaller History of England."—Mr. W. V. Spencer, of Boston, will shortly publish two little books for children—"Gerty and May," and "Aunt Zelpeth's Baby."—Mr. Loring, of Boston, announces that by an arrangement with Miss Florence Marryatt, her forthcoming novel will be published simultaneously in Boston and London, and also announces a reprint of a successful new novel, entitled "The Roua Pass."

—The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has been censured for letting himself be photographed while in the act, or, at any rate, while in the attitude of pronouncing the benediction or of offering prayer, and has been defended as having done no more than comply with the solicitations of some of his parishioners who wanted a picture of him in an attitude in which they like to see him. A defence at least as good as this, and perhaps better, would be to plead the example of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D. That dignitary of the English Church has likewise been photographed in a posture usually reserved for the place of worship. And in his case the photographer was able to do what Sydney Smith suggested to the artist who painted Moore—namely, to throw into the portrait an expression of hostility to the church as by law established. The bishop was so depicted as to make known to the beholder his views upon "these Ritchelist ways;" his attitude was that of a Roman Catholic bishop imparting a blessing. This photograph was engraved by Messrs. Hatchard & Co., and figured in the front of a pamphlet published by that house, whereupon the photographer applied for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Hatchard & Co. from selling the picture, and was favorably answered by the judge.

—A Doctor Leger, a Frenchman by birth, who once lived in this city, and who had lived in many cities at one time and another, turned up as a mesmerizer in London in 1849 or 1850. He was not then a believer in phrenology, but afterwards became such, and after making

several important improvements in the newly-invented magnetoscope, he applied that instrument to phrenological investigations. We get some account of Dr. Leger, his instrument and his method, in an English book entitled "Notes and Studies in the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism," by J. Ashburner, M.D. The instrument we will not attempt to describe. Doctor Leger applied it, with remarkable results, if we may believe Dr. Ashburner, to the heads of criminals and great men, and we regret sincerely that the latter gentleman was inconsiderate enough to get a touch of the gout, and so make it impossible that he should continue the experiments of his friend, who has been for some time dead. The instrument, it appears, can only be handled with good scientific results by a man in good condition; its requirements are very severe indeed. "As a general rule," says Dr. Ashburner, "all persons who adopt the pernicious habit of smoking lose the inestimable faculty of perceiving the refinements of high mental and moral perceptions, and none of them can manipulate the magnetoscope." But we fancy that Dr. Ashburner does not habitually restrain himself rigidly in the matter of expression and weigh his words with exactness. In other parts of his book he insinuates that "the whole College of Physicians is tinctured with the silly sin of self-glorification." And again he says: "Our stolid cavillers in England are not worth a moment's thought." And once more: "Faraday, worse than ignorant of the great interests of science." And yet once more: "The wretched intriguer who was the author of 'A Psychological Enquiry,'" etc., etc. Be that as it may, this is his statement of Dr. Leger's practice, and some of its results: Leger wished to apply mathematical laws to human motive; he had, in his magnetoscope, the means of doing so, for phrenology shows that the human head may be mapped out into thirty-six bumps, which are the outward signs of organs, which are the generators or seats of motives, and the doctor discovered that by the magnetoscope can be measured the magnetic force of each organ—the instrument being tremulously alive to the least manifestation of this force, and the organs being active or otherwise in accordance with the abundance or deficiency of the supply of it. Dr. Leger took 5 as the figure expressing the average force of each organ of the brain. Five times 36, then, or 180, represents the power of brain possessed by nine out of ten men that one meets on the streets. Irish servant-girls, by the way, were found by Dr. Leger to have no more of a head-piece, so to speak, than is represented by 130 or 140. But Macaulay, according to the magnetoscope—we do not know when he submitted himself to it—had a brain force of 310; a disguised person, who, we are told, used to carry an umbrella in a peculiar manner, and did not wish his name to be known, was marked 320; Lord Ellesmere gets credit for no less than 350; Earl Stanhope for 308; Robert Owen for 314. We are sure that Professors Fowler & Wells are making a great mistake in not importing a magnetoscope, and the republication of the book is quite in their line, we should think. It is to be had of Scribner, Welford & Co.

—Other late English books imported by the same firm are: "Ireland and her Churches," by James Godkin; "The Keys of St. Peter," by Ernest de Bunsen; Edward Dicey's "Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch," which is adorned by photographic portraits of the Grand Duke and his bride; "Pompeii: its History, Buildings, and Antiquities," well and profusely illustrated, by T. H. Dyer; the laudatory "Life of Eyre," by the Mr. Hume who has become the laughing-stock of the critics; "Religious Life in England," by Alphonse Esquiros; Tupper's "Third Series," which, by the way, is not yet announced for republication in this country; "A Secret Nook in the Jura," a new novel by Ruffini; "Astronomy Without Mathematics," by E. B. Dennison; James Cranstoun's translation of Catullus; and "The Oxford Reformers of 1498," by Frederic Seebohm. The reformers who form the subject of the last-mentioned volume are Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and John Colet, who is best known as the founder of St. Paul's School in London. But Colet, in 1496 and in Oxford, was a sufficiently "liberal Christian" to speak in his lectures of the Mosaic account of the creation as "a most useful and a most wise poetic figment." Radulphus, a friend of Colet's, had been lecturing on the dark places of the Book of Genesis, and had begun his explanations with the words of Lamech in the fourth chapter, as if there were no dark places before that one. Colet began with the beginning. He thought

"nothing could be more like nights than these Mosaic days." The lectures, which embraced other topics than the Book of Genesis—as, for instance, the theory of verbal inspiration, the union of the two natures in Christ—were delivered by Colet after his return from Italy, where, it is probable, he had fallen under the influence of Savonarola, and were attended by great crowds. Erasmus and More held towards him the relation first of pupils and afterwards of dear friends. The book is well described by its title. The men of whom it treats were, like Wycliffe, reformers before the Reformation, and this excellent account of them not only gives honor to whom honor is due, and from whom it has been, to some extent, withheld, but assists the student to understand how the Reformation came.

—The best late book of travels must be "Cathay, and the Way Thither." It is a compilation of lazy men's delights, being a collection of mediæval notices of China and of the road to that region through the territories of the Great Cham and Prester John, and also by the way of the sea. Whenever translation was necessary, it was done by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., formerly of the Royal Engineers (Bengal), who has edited the work with great care and knowledge. It is not yet imported to this country, we believe, but we see it noticed in the English papers. They learn from it that in the thirteenth century, when King Haiton of Armenia paid a visit to China, the Chinese gentlemen were very much surprised to hear that outside the central flowery kingdom there were women who had the use of their reason, like men! Also it appears that in 1050 A.D. Pi Shing made movable types of terra-cotta; in 904, printing from stone was invented by some other Chinaman; and block-printing the Chinese had invented in 581 A.D. In the reign of Hientsung (806–821 A.D.) there was a great scarcity of copper, and the emperor, borrowing the idea from the merchants, who had had it no one knows how long, issued paper money, which, however, soon depreciated tremendously in value. Leather money had been in use in the empire so early as 119 B.C. Before the Christian era the Chinese had discovered the use of coal as fuel, and ages before the Western nations thought of them they built ships with water-tight compartments, and used to navigate them by the aid of the mariner's compass. They have long made use of portraits in the identification of criminals; and there is no telling how many of our so-called modern inventions and discoveries we shall not find, as we become better acquainted with this remarkable country, to have been anticipated by a people who after all were not so very far wrong when they called the rest of the world "outside barbarians." Other works that we see advertised are "Meals for the Million," by Cor Fydd, who seems qualified to shine in Loring's library, for she arranges one hundred and twenty-five dinners for heads of families with incomes ranging from £100 to £250 a year; G. Routledge & Sons publish "the cheapest 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' ever issued;" W. Michael Rossetti is author of "Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary;" "A Visit to American Schools and Colleges" is by Sophia Jex Blake; "The Social and Political Dependence of Women" is by an anonymous author, who, the *Echoes from the Clubs* says, "is certainly a man," meaning that it is good; "Shipwrecks of Faith" is by Archbishop Trench; and "The Heroes of Crampton" is by a J. G. Holland. One would say it was by our J. G. Holland, for thus the advertisement begins: "Fiction, though much abused and persistently traduced by those who do not comprehend its true mission, has always been a favorite mode of conveying truth, and has for its support the highest sanctions of Christianity. The author of the Christian system spoke evermore in parables," etc., etc.

—Mr. Schulze-Delitsch is not a government partisan. Only the other day, in the Prussian Chamber, he denounced the illegal conduct of a minister who had undertaken to fill vacancies in the judiciary. But the Prussian Government cannot be insensible to the deputy's arduous and indefatigable efforts to assure peace and prosperity to the kingdom by improving the condition of the laboring classes, notably by consumers' and other co-operative societies. They have, it is reported, and we hope truly, recommended Mr. Schulze to the favor of the French Government in awarding the Exposition prize of 100,000 francs for services like those which have rendered him so honorably famous. A Mr. Dolfus is spoken of as his rival.

—Ex-Finance Minister Scialoja received lately from Naples a letter informing him that the writer had just composed a play entitled "The Ecclesiastical Patrimony," which was crammed with abuse of M. Scialoja, and altogether so recommended itself to a scandal-loving public that the author had had no difficulty in finding an *impresario* who would give 3,000 francs for the copyright. But the honest dramatist, so he said of himself, was not so mercenary that he could not give the preference to M. Scialoja. "Send me, then," he adds, "the 3,000 francs, or I shall consider myself free of every engagement towards you."

—The English tract-distributors, who are making a harvest at the Exposition, have been subjected to not a little ridicule, which some of their friends think might well have been reserved for a pamphlet published in Paris by Moronval frères, rue Galande, and styled "The Poor Folks' Physician; or, Collection of prayers and supplications, precious against toothache, cuts, rheumatics, fevers, scurf, colic, burns, low spirits, etc." One of the simplest remedies set forth is that contained in the "prayer for the speedy cure of colic," to wit:

"Put the middle finger of the right hand on the pain, and say: 'Mary, who art Mary or colic passion, who art between my liver and my heart, between my spleen and my lungs'—stop at the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and say three *paters* and three *aves*, and mention the name of the person, saying: 'God has cured thee, Amen!'"

—The Academy of Bibliophiles in Paris is about to publish beautiful and complete editions of the best French poets and prose writers. Already it has issued, under the editorial supervision of M. Louis Lacour, and with Jouaust for printer, an edition of Régnier, the sixteenth-century satirist, which is spoken of in the highest terms for its typographical finish and textual accuracy. Laid paper, new type, archaic titles and ornaments, are employed to make the book distinguished above ordinary publications. The number of copies struck off is generally not more than the number of subscribers, as is the custom in this country in similar cases.

EDUCATIONAL.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, in Virginia, to which the Confederate General Lee began to devote his energies after the close of the rebellion, has just issued a catalogue and circular for 1867, which is much more interesting than ordinary college circulars. Among the instructors, in addition to the distinguished chief, are the names of R. L. McCulloch, whose flight from Columbia College is not yet forgotten, and Colonel W. P. Johnston, one of the personal staff of Jefferson Davis. The number of students enrolled is 399, of whom 139 are Virginians, five hail from Northern States, and the rest are from different portions of the South. The courses of study are elective, usually occupying three years. The allusions to "the seasons of unpleasantness" which have interfered with the college progress since 1861 are not rare. Among them is a severe reference to General Hunter, "under whose eyes the college that bore the name and enjoyed the munificence of George Washington was sacked." On the other hand, words of praise commemorate the students of 1861 "who joined the immortal Jackson at Winchester," and "earned from their illustrious commander the designation of more than brave young men." President Lee, we are told, "devotes himself exclusively to the duties of his office, occupying a room in the college buildings to which the students have at all times free access."

—In the House of Commons, on June 5, an interesting discussion took place on Mr. Ewart's bill providing that at both Oxford and Cambridge Universities "any person may be matriculated without being entered as a member of any college or hall, and may, if he shall think fit, join himself to any college or hall, with the consent of the head thereof, but without being obliged to reside within the same; and every person so matriculated shall in all respects and for all intents and purposes be and be considered as a member of the University, and upon joining any college or hall shall in all respects and for all intents and purposes be and be considered as a member thereof."

The bill and the motion to pass it to a second reading were supported by Mr. Ewart, Mr. Neate, Mr. Evans, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Gladstone, and others. Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir W. Heathcote, and Mr. Hardy were

the chief speakers on the other side. On the one hand, it was contended that the proposed change was merely a return to that university system which existed down to the time of Archbishop Laud, and which has since been supplanted by the colleges; that their proper dignity would be restored to the professors; that a great boon would be given to poor scholars, for whom the college expenses are an insuperable barrier; that no longer as now, owing to the insufficiency of accommodation, would the worst colleges be filled at the expense of the best; that the competition for endowments and scholarships would not be limited as now to the comparatively small class that can afford to enter college and pay their way through; that the proportion of students to the population of the country would be greater, as it ought to be; and that much more attention would be paid to practical instruction, in such branches as agricultural chemistry, geology, engineering, etc. Mr. Gladstone incidentally asserted that never, since Oxford became a university, had it done so little for the poorer classes, and had so small a fraction of the clergy, the medical and the legal professions been educated there and at Cambridge. He also strongly censured, as connected with the question of cheap living and cheap education, the six months' vacation at Oxford.

To this it was replied that in the order of things the colleges, being latest, were an advance upon the old university, and that consequently Mr. Ewart's bill was reactionary, that it precipitated the colleges into untried ways, made no provision for discipline, took away the opportunity for close friendships, was so loosely worded as even to admit women, and after all obstructed the action of a highly respectable committee within the universities, who had been engaged for two years in studying the same or similar changes. The feeling of caste was also inferrible, though it received no offensive expression.

It has been acutely observed that the English people, even when pursuing a reform, turn with confidence to the past and demand instruction of history rather than of philosophy; and this debate affords a good illustration of this trait. "Englishmen," said Mr. Beresford Hope, "dislike irritating and teasing legislation." The result was that the vote stood: for the second reading, 164—against it, 150; and the bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee. Meantime the expenses of college life at Oxford continue to be £100 in place of £50; and Cambridge can show but 1,900 undergraduates against 3,000 or 4,000 at Berlin.

LEA'S HISTORY OF SACERDOTAL CELIBACY.*

AFTER a conflict lasting for ages, and at times convulsing Christendom, the celibacy of the clergy became an established feature in the constitution of the Latin Church. The Greek Church still permits the marriage of the lower orders of the clergy; deacons and presbyters retain the wives which they may have previous to ordination, while bishops, being recruited from the ranks of the regular or monastic clergy, are held to their vows and remain unmarried. This diversity is one of the points of contention between the Greek and Roman Churches. To trace the origin of priestly celibacy, the operation of the causes that promoted it, the vicissitudes of the long battle between the friends and the opposers of the practice, and its effect on the character and the influence of the Church, is a task which requires vast research. The numerous polemical works, Catholic and Protestant, especially in the period of the Reformation, are of course rich in material and in references which facilitate enquiry. The learned collection of Calixt—*De conjugio clericorum*—and the more recent work of Carové, are deserving of special mention. But the most important historical treatise on the subject has been the copious and erudite work of the brothers Theiner (Altenburg, 1828), a work of about the same compass as that of Mr. Lea, and the product of thorough and conscientious investigation. It must be remembered that the materials for a history of celibacy lie buried in the writings of the fathers and schoolmen, in the doings of synods and the decrees of popes and bishops, in the mediæval chronicles, in the civil legislation of all European countries, and in a hundred other obscure mines which the student must patiently explore. In truth, he can hardly qualify himself to write a full history of this single practice without at the same time performing the labor requisite to qualify himself to write a complete history of the Church—at least of the Church in the mediæval period. We do not exagger-

ate the merits of Mr. Lea's book when we say that it is evidently founded on a remarkably wide and profound examination of the original sources of information, its arrangement is lucid, and the spirit that pervades it is in the main just and philosophical. The learned author travels over the entire ground from the Apostolic age to the quarrel of Pius IX. with the Italian Government. Though he does not wander from his proper theme, he drops incidentally much curious and instructive information respecting the Church and society in the course of the extended period which he has occasion to traverse. One has only to turn to the chapters which describe the Hildebrandian reform and the conflict that ensued between the papacy and the empire, to convince himself of the author's ample erudition and of his general fitness for the task which he has undertaken. Altogether, the work is an extremely creditable addition to the literature of church history, and may challenge comparison with the best monographs which the German scholarship of our day has produced in this department.

Having expressed our warm appreciation of the excellence of Mr. Lea's work, we wish to offer a few critical suggestions upon several points which have attracted our notice in perusing it. We cannot concur in the literal interpretation which the author is inclined to give to Matt. xix. 12. The metaphorical sense is better fitted to the context, and is supported by examples of a similar use of the phrase by the rabbis. So the references in Meyer's Commentary *ad loc.*—1 Tim. iii. 2, 12, and Titus i. 6—are designed, according to Mr. Lea's opinion (p. 23) "to exclude those among the Gentiles who indulged in the prevalent system of concubinage, or who among the Jews had fallen into the sin of polygamy." This understanding of the phrase, "husband of one wife," has the support of some of the ancient expositors; but it is proved to be incorrect, in our judgment, by the corresponding phrase in 1 Tim. v. 9, where the widow who is "taken into the number"—either of deaconesses or of pious women supported by the charities of the Church—must have been "the wife of one man." That is to say—as the supposition of polyandry is out of the question—she must have been married but once. Out of accommodation probably to heathen prejudices, second marriages were made a barrier in the way of advancement to certain offices in the Church. It was a temporary recommendation or mandate, but it was not without its influence on subsequent ecclesiastical customs. In a note on p. 29, the *Explicationes* is quoted as a production of Justin Martyr; but that work is without doubt spurious. This circumstance, however, does not seriously affect the statements in the text with which the reference is connected. We read on p. 35 of Basilides, the Gnostic heresiarch, that he "honored the passions as emanating from the Creator, and taught that their impulses were to be allowed." We are not aware of any good reason for ranking Basilides in this category, although the work of Hippolytus has of late cast so much new light upon his system. The later Basilideans degenerated from the purity of the founder of the school. Mr. Lea supposes that the old British Church, which preceded Saxon Christianity, maintained the practice of celibacy. Some of his arguments are worthy of attention. Yet St. Patrick himself was the son of a deacon and the grandson of a presbyter. Gieseler, who gives an opposite opinion to that of Mr. Lea on this question, says that "the Irish Clement defended the marriage of a bishop as late as the eighth century" (Gieseler's Ch. Hist., Am. ed., I. 531 n.). Many English as well as Continental writers have fallen into various errors concerning the old Celtic Christianity of Britain, one of which is the identifying of the British Christians with the Asiatic party of Quarto-decimani. Christianity was probably carried over from Gaul into Britain; and in this case, whatever Oriental peculiarities were found in the old British Church must have been derived indirectly. In speaking of the Council of Constance (pp. 386, 387), Mr. Lea speculates as to the causes of the failure to effect the reforms which had been projected, and which were confessed to be imperatively required. He does not, however, state distinctly the real ground of the disappointment, which was that the advocates of reform were beguiled into the election of a pope as a preliminary measure, and that when the election was once effected, Martin V. himself and the Papal party skillfully prevented the consummation of the reformatory efforts.

In unfolding the origin of celibacy, it might have been well for the author to discriminate more sharply between Brahminical and Manichean asceticism and that asceticism which early arose and spread in the Christian Church. There is a fundamental difference. The Oriental asceticism rested on a theological dualism, whereas everything of that sort was cast out as a heresy from the Church, and the asceticism of Christians sprang from the antagonism of flesh and spirit—from the struggle which the law of Christ required his followers to maintain against the overgrown propensities and appetites of human nature. Moreover, when the Gospel was first preached, unchastity prevailed to a most frightful extent in the Græco-

* "An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry C. Lea." J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 1867. 8vo.

Roman world. The early conference of the apostles (see Acts xv.) mentions fornication as prohibited to the Gentile converts, placing it on the list among things indifferent, as the eating of blood and of things strangled. The reason was that fornication was almost reckoned by the heathen among the *adiaphora*, so prevalent was the vice and so little disgrace did it bring. Asceticism arose in the Church as a part and fruit of an energetic protest against an all-pervading sensuality. The reaction naturally led to an extravagance.

Although the work before us is marked by candor and a spirit of moderation, yet the reader would, perhaps, gather from it a more unfavorable impression of the character of the Middle Ages and of mediæval religion than a comprehensive view would justify. There was not only a vast amount of devotion in "the ages of faith;" there was also a vast amount of conscientiousness and of earnest endeavor to live a truly Christian life. The careful reader will find evidences of this fact in the continual resistance to abuses and the reiterated enterprises of reform, the record of which is given on the pages of this history. Whatever may be said of the motives underlying the custom of celibacy as it arose and finally became a law in the Latin Church, no fair-minded reader of Mr. Lea's work will doubt that it has been productive of immeasurably more evil than good. Experience has proved that even where purity of life has existed among a celibate clergy, they have often suffered greatly from a loss of that education of the human affections which the family is adapted to afford. The temper of ecclesiastics would have been less hard if they had dwelt in the sunshine of pleasant homes. Worse than this is the immorality to which this enforced custom has led, and which it has not unfrequently been thought to palliate, if not excuse. It is a most significant fact that in various countries and at different periods the laity have preferred to see the priest, if not married, yet permanently connected with a female without the sanction of the marriage tie. They have desired this as a safeguard for their wives and daughters. Celibacy doubtless contributed to the independence of the Church, and aided the Papal power in building up that compact, well-organized hierarchy which brought so great blessings, along with great evils, upon European society in the ages of transition from barbarism to modern civilization. But this feature of mediæval Christianity is destined to pass away with the mistaken views that engendered it. The calmly reasoned, deeply learned, and dispassionate history of Mr. Lea will do its part in producing this wholesome result. It deserves an honorable place among the standard works in the province of historical theology.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

The Galaxy has fallen into sensational ways. The July number, long before it was issued, was advertised and "paragraphed" as containing "an article by Horace Greeley" and "an article on Ritualism by the Reverend Morgan Dix," a gentleman who is supposed to be as High Church in his views as almost any clergyman in this High Church Diocese, and who, it was inferred, might have something to say on the topic above-mentioned that would disgust some people, amuse others, delight others, and in some way or another stir the feelings of all. But the articles about which so much noise was made are of the stupidest kind. Mr. Greeley, in exactly three pages, commits himself fearlessly to the assertion that "The Fruits of the War" are the abolition of slavery, the restoration of the Union, the disappearance of the theory of secession and of the apprehension of future civil war. One might set a figure-four trap in the City Hall Park, and not catch a newsboy who has not at his tongue's end everything which Mr. Greeley has written for *The Galaxy*, and which the editors of that magazine have published with such a flourish of trumpets. As for Mr. Dix, one thinks, as one reads his article, that he would like to say and could say a great deal more about "Ritualism" than he has chosen to say in this utterance. With what we regard as uncandor, he has written a good many pages on the upholstery aspect of the new movement, and has said nothing of that vital principle of it which, if it is not what attracts the most of those who are called Ritualists, is certainly what rouses the hostility before which the movement will sooner or later turn out powerless. Such Ritualism as he talks about is not the Ritualism which it is worth while to regard. But there is a Ritualism that it is worth while to regard.

The two novels, Mrs. Harding Davis's and Mrs. Edwards's, are still going on in *The Galaxy*, and there is the usual variety of light reading. This number contains two illustrations, one a very lifelike little picture by Gaston Fay, which has been much hurt in the printing by injury to the eyes of the figure; the other, a picture by C. C. Griswold, which fails to convey the idea of the two verses it was meant to illustrate.

In *Hours at Home* there is as good a paper on "Walrusia" as we have read since Mr. Seward acquired that region. Our new fellow-citizens appear to be not a very engaging set. The Indians among them are described as bloodthirsty and cruel, and we should say that the Esquimaux will bear a great deal of civilization. It is customary for the youthful Tchoutki or Esquimaux to remain unweaned till he is five years old, and it is added that he has been known to borrow a chew of tobacco and then go to take the breast. By the way, if he is deformed, he is very likely killed soon after he is born. When he grows up—and he grows to a height of between five feet one inch and five feet ten—he may have as many wives as he can support, and probably will think none too much of any of them. Our fellow-citizen, Matonabee, for instance, is represented as saying that women were made for labor, that they can haul or carry twice as much as a man, and that the expense of keeping one can be kept at a very low figure, because being always the cook the mere licking of her fingers is an ample subsistence for her. These people live in deerskin tents in the summer season, and in semi-subterranean drift-wood huts in the winter. Skins furnish them not only their summer habitations, but their leggings, their tunics, their hoods, and their boots. Of the intestines of the seal or whale they make their windows, and also their one musical instrument, a sort of drum; and their diet is, of course, continually meat and fish. As for personal appearance, they are short, with a light yellowish brown complexion, which, however, darkens with age, dirt, grease, weather-stains, and the process of tattooing. "They are robust, muscular, and active, their chief strength being in the back." Their height, as we have seen, is not so very dwarfish; their faces wear a good-natured expression, and the women are said not to be ill-looking when young, but to be miserable objects when old, as might, indeed, be inferred from their habit of wearing lip-rings, from the decay of teeth, to which all Esquimaux are liable, and from the expressed sentiments of Matonabee above-mentioned. They are modest before and shameless after marriage, and are encouraged by their husbands in violating the marriage vow. The intellectual capacity of the race is small; it is doubtful if they can count above six. As for religion, they seem to believe in a future existence, for they say that when a man dies his body sleeps and his soul goes underground to feed on stones, mosquitoes, and roots; they think that earth, air, and sea are full of invisible spirits, and, in general, they are given over to senseless superstitions, and their natural science is quite on an equality with their theology. Mr. Snow estimates the whole number of Esquimaux and allied tribes of supposed Tartar origin to be no greater than twenty-five hundred.

The latest of Dr. Bushnell's essays, "On the Moral Uses of Dark Things," is entitled "Of Oblivion, or Dead History," and contains some fresh thought and many passages in Dr. Bushnell's best manner—forcible, flowing, and, if suggestive of the pulpit, suggestive of a sort of pulpit eloquence of which it is to be wished there were much more than there is. Some of the thought, too, is fresh as well as forcibly expressed. This passage following is to be quoted not so much for its matter as for its expression, and no doubt it is a specimen of energy of expression somewhat too unrestrained. Nor will the thought command assent:

"John, the apostle, had Mary, the mother, with him, we know not how many years, and she told the story over, how tenderly, how many times. He was getting old, too, when he wrote his gospel, and old men are proverbially garrulous; and yet he says not one word of the infancy, or gives any faintest allusion to Mary's conversations. No; he has something great to record here, and something which can be fitly honored only in a few bold strokes of narrative, such as will even make the story idealize itself more vividly than words can describe it. Why should he pile it with cargoes of circumstance, when the world itself could not contain the books, and Christ himself would be written out of his divinity, by an itemizing gospel that proposes to enhance his record?"

Other articles in this magazine are an instructive outline of Dr. Döllinger's oration on "The Universities of Europe" (J. F. Hurst); "The Last of My Panama Pets," which is by Mr. C. H. Webb, and is light and entertaining; a tourist's article on the Homes of Charles Dickens, Florence Nightingale, and Charlotte Brontë (John D. Sherwood); "Abyssinia and its Border Lands" (Professor E. P. Evans); Honoré de Balzac, a well-written but brief and sketchy article (Miss V. W. Johnson); "Carl Ritter," by Professor Schele De Vere; an interesting description of Modern Athens (Professor W. S. Tyler); and "God in History" (Professor E. A. Lawrence).

In *The Catholic World* a writer on "The Indissolubility of Marriage" proves to his own (celibate?) satisfaction that Christianity admits of divorce for no cause but one; and that, after divorce even for that cause, adultery is committed if either the innocent or the guilty party marry again. Not to give the argument a wider scope than the writer has given it, we remark merely that the Protestant moralists, who, without exception, we believe,

dissent from his view, do not, as he does, base their conclusions on a distortion of the language of Scripture.

Another writer in the same magazine urges the convening of church congresses, meetings of the clergy and laity, like those which since 1848 have been repeatedly held in European countries. There is need enough of such gatherings, he thinks; it is not easy to find an architect who knows more about building a Catholic church than about building a Mohammedan mosque; it is common enough to see a priest clad in Roman vestments celebrating mass at a Gothic altar, furnished with Byzantine candlesticks and crucifix, and adorned with a miscellaneous job lot of French artificial flowers; Catholic institutions of learning in this country are much inferior to the Protestant colleges, except in the matter of teaching the dead languages; there is not one Catholic daily paper in the United States; and the Church is making such rapid advances in America that the clergy need the help and encouragement of the laity, and this can best be got by holding congresses. The work done by these bodies, then, is various. Last year's congress held in Malines, for example, besides discussing an indefinite number of humanitarian and religious themes, passed judgment on seventy-six musical compositions, and awarded to one of them, which was thought to be the best mass, a prize of a thousand francs; the same sum is to be given by this year's congress for the best architectural design for a church; the Malines and other Belgian congresses have given a great impetus to religious journalism in Belgium; the German congresses are now considering a project for a grand Catholic university.

In a critical examination of the works of Adelaide Anne Procter, the poetry of that very pleasing writer, who set down too diffusely, in very smooth verses, a good many melancholic thoughts and a good many pretty ones, is treated of by an over-enthusiastic admirer; "The Souls of Animals" is full of stories, good, but old; good enough, we suppose, and old enough certainly, is everything in "The Catholic Church and Modern Art;" Guettée's "Papacy Schismatic" is to be made the theme of a series of articles, for its reviewer considers it a fair specimen of the works written against the Romish Church, and says that it contains all that schismatics have first and last alleged against her. For the rest, we may say that this month's *Catholic World* has a greater number of original articles than we have seen in any previous number of the magazine, and that they are all readable, though none of them can be called very valuable nor of a high degree of purely literary excellence.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* the most noticeable article, and noticeable mainly because it is almost the only one not pleasant, is Mazzini's discourse on "The Religious Side of The Italian Question." When a man, being asked why he does not go back to his country and work as hard as he can to put his ideal into fact, brings out his rhetoric and informs us that "Italy is a religion," we feel a desire almost irresistible to tell him what *he* is, and to cease pitying him for having A. C. Swinburne for his laureate. The article is a revelation in the ordinarily eloquent way of the conceit and impracticability of the typical talking reformer, and has its usual effect of petrifying the reader into a stonier Philistine than he was before.

As to "The Guardian Angel," neither we nor Dr. Holmes have anything new to say. Mr. Howells is at his very best in his article entitled "At Padua." The world of American literature is discovering not slowly what a genuine gain it has made in the advent of this writer, whose work is marked by exquisite, if not the most exquisite, taste, by humor lighter and more cheerful than Hawthorne's, more refined and subtle than Irving's, and in no way imitative, by much critical acumen and by considerable force of thought. His articles, and this is the best of him, steadily grow better, or so it seems to the reader. Mr. E. E. Hale is satirical upon Boston—and, not to offend the Bostonians, we will pronounce him more satirical on other cities nearer the periphery of the universe—in a readable essay, not readable merely because it is satirical, which is entitled "My Visit to Sybaris." Hawthorne's "English Note-Books," excerpts from which are soon to be published in a book, have begun to do duty in the publishers' magazine. They repay study, and the reader may be glad that he gets them in short lessons before he gets them in a volume. Hawthorne's mild disregard—contempt is far too strong a word—for the poet of Helvellyn, is very evident in these passages from his diary.

"An Artist's Dream" is by Colonel Higginson. We find nothing in it, and more than that one feels all the time as if he were going to find something, and something unpleasant. But nothing unpleasant is found; only there is suggested a weakly morbidity in one who delights in these fine-drawn torturing improbabilities. The true poverty of "Poor Richard" and his probable wretchedness begin to grow plain to the reader of Mr. James's elaborate study of character. But surely Richard, if not too subtle, does talk too lucidly in explication of subtleties. Evidently, however, plenty of a literary

conscience and the consequent labor go into Mr. James's novel, and we dissent with diffidence. "Dr. Molke," if it is true, is good. "A Struggle for Life" is not true, but is good in its way, which is the way of the ingenious and "magaziny" tale. "The Piano in America" is Mr. Parton's, and is nearly the dullest thing from his pen we have ever seen. We except an article on "Presidential Nominations," which he has just contributed to the new *New Jersey Magazine*, and which is considerably more perfunctory than this on the piano.

The poetry of the *July Atlantic* is by Lowell, Whittier, and Alice Cary. Miss Cary has hardly ever written with more vagueness, or more of the sweet pastoral simplicity which is her charm, than in the verses in "Mona's Mother." Mr. Whittier's "Freedom in Brazil" is excellent in rhyme and rhythm, and is fine moral eloquence. Mr. Lowell's "Ember Picture" is a picture, and would not be out of place in an expurgated gallery of Heine, if we could imagine that painter good and happy.

About *Harper's* for July we have room to say little, and we believe almost nothing requires to be said. "The Dodge Club" is really funny; "Our New Northwest" is an illustrated article about Russian America; "The Great Show at Paris" is a well enough written letter, apparently by an artist; and for the rest there is little love this month, a good deal of patriotism, and, we are happy to say, no poetry.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XVI.

[In making up from my notes the article on etymologies and definitions of words beginning with the letter B, the following remarks on the origin of the word *battledoor* were accidentally omitted:]

Battledoor, supposed by editors of Webster to be "corrupt, from the Spanish *batallador*, a great combatant," etc.

This derivation is contrary both to philological and to historical probability. There is no such analogy of meaning between the two words as to render it more than barely possible that the English noun should have been taken from the Spanish, and such a deduction is not to be admitted without some better evidence than mere similarity of sound. As a point of historical etymology, the question has a certain importance, because, if the proposed derivation be accepted, we must ascribe to the Spanish language an influence in the formation of our vocabulary at a period when the Peninsular dialects have been hitherto supposed to have contributed little or nothing to it, except possibly in certain special nomenclatures not connected with the domestic life and amusements of England.

In the "Promptorium Parvulorum," compiled in 1440, Way's edition, p. 27, we find: "BATYLDORE, or washyng beylle. *Ferretorium*;" in a pictorial vocabulary printed from a MS. of the fifteenth century in "National Antiquities," Vol. I., p. 269, "*Hoc ferretorium, hoc pecten, a batyldore*;" and in Palsgrave (A.D. 1530), p. 197, "Batyldore, *battover a lessice*." The *M. L. feritorium* was a paddle-shaped stick or baton for beating clothes in washing—a practice still followed on the Continent—and Palsgrave's *battoir à lessice* means the same thing. *Pecten* was what is now called the *slay* of a loom (A.S. *slæ*, from *slæan*, to beat), a contrivance for beating the wool of the web together while weaving. There is no reasonable doubt that the *battledoor* used with the shuttlecock, as well as in other games, took its name from the *battledore*, *beater*, or *batler* (see Halliwell) of the washerwoman, the form of both implements being the same. We find the word in its modern sense as early as the time of Florio, who, in his Italian dictionary, 1611, ascribes to *paletta*, among other meanings, that of "a *battledur* to play at tennis or shuttlecocks."

The immediate source of the word is probably the Provençal *batedor* (see Raynour) or *batadouro* (see Azais), the former of which is used in the general sense of *beater* and in various more specific applications, and the latter is defined "palette de bois avec laquelle on bat le linge pour le laver." These forms explain the introduction of the *d* into the last syllable—a rare process in English etymology—but we must look elsewhere for the *l*, which seems equally out of place in a word derived from the French verb *battre*. The implement in question has a great variety of names in the French dialects most nearly connected with English, and several of those which contain the letter *l* are apparently diminutives from the Latin *baeulus*. Others, however, with the same liquid, are evidently from *battre*, or from a Medieval Latin derivative of the same original root. Halliwell gives us O. English forms *batler*, *batlet*, *battling-staff*, and *battleton*. We find in Med. Latin *batillum*, *batillorium*; and an intermediate form, *batillatorium*, may easily be supposed, if a direct Latin origin be preferred. In any event, the French and Latin sources suggested furnish a more probable derivation for

battledoor than a word so remote in origin and signification as the Sp. *batalador*.

Halliwell quotes Miego as saying that *battledore* "was formerly a term for a horn book," but he gives no citation. A better authority for an analogous use of the word is the sturdy Quaker apostle, George Fox, who published in 1650 a curious volume, entitled "A Battle Door for Teachers and Professors to learn Plural and Singular," in which the word occurs a number of times. The editors of Webster give the sense of horn-book on the authority of Halliwell, but do not attempt to explain its origin in this application, which is, however, not very obscure. In the early days of modern philology, *janua*, a door or gate, was a not uncommon title for grammars and other treatises on language. Thus, in 1631 Comenius published the first edition of a "*Janua Linguarum reserata*," an introduction to the study of five languages, which had great success, and was often reprinted; and Anchoran adopted a similar title for his philological work, "*Porta Linguarum Trilinguis Reserata et Aperta*;" or, as he translates it in the English edition of 1663, "*The Gate of Tongues Unlocked*." In French, *battant* is a leaf of a folding or double door, and *porte à deux battants* is a folding door, or door with two leaves. *Battle door* is the English translation of this name, and means a door, a *janua* or gate, which, having two leaves, affords a wider and easier entrance than a common door of one leaf, and thus serves as a convenient introduction to knowledge. The word in this sense is quite different from *battle-door*, a palette or bat, and George Fox, by writing the two components separately, *battle door*, showed that he understood the meaning and etymology of a term which modern lexicographers have not been able to make out.

The foregoing remarks, which may perhaps be thought trivial observations on a trivial subject, connect themselves with considerations of higher philological interest and importance, because the history of the mediæval and modern growth and development of the radical from which *battle*, *beat*, and *battledoor* are derived, furnishes abundant illustration of an etymological process in the evolution of language from expressive germs which we have not many opportunities of observing upon so wide a scale.

The root in question, whatever may have been its primary origin, form, and significance, probably appears in the Greek *παράγος* and *παράσσω*, and certainly in the rarely used Latin verb *batuo*, as well as in the Anglo-Saxon *beatan*. But inasmuch as the Greeks, the Latins, and the Anglo-Saxons had other words to express the various special modifications of meaning involved in the generic notion to *beat*, they did not find it necessary to form a numerous progeny of derivatives and compounds from this particular root. *Batuo* does indeed occur in a very small number of passages in approved Latin authors, but it was not a classical word, and evidently belonged to the *lingua rustica* or vulgar dialect of ancient Latium. This, like other unwritten dialects, doubtless had a very limited vocabulary, and of course as the uses and applications of language became multiplied and diversified among those who spoke the dialect, its generic terms were obliged to do double and even tenfold duty. The conquests of Rome carried the *lingua rustica* wherever her soldiery was stationed, and *batuo* hence became an established word in all the colonies of the Roman Empire. Its character as a word of generic signification adapted it to a great variety of uses in the multifarious new conditions of Roman colonial life, and numerous derivatives and compounds were formed from it in all the countries to which the Romans transplanted their laws, institutions, and popular speech. Thus a root, which had remained almost sterile for uncounted centuries, throwing up only a very few slender offshoots, became suddenly productive in the Middle Ages, and the humble radical *bat*, probably in its origin a mere imitative utterance, now counts a forest of descendants, which have spread themselves through the whole territory of Romance as well as English philology. This process of multiplication, diversification, and diffusion has taken place within the historical period, and existing literary monuments enable us to trace the annals of this family of words with a certainty and minuteness of which historical etymology affords not many instances.

Cabochon.—When a precious stone, whose crystalline angles have been rounded off by rolling in water or other accidental attrition, is polished without being cut into facets, it is said to be cut *en cabochon*, a word derived from Fr. *caboché*, a head or lump. As this form is particularly suited to show off to advantage certain colored gems—the opal, for example—such stones are often reduced to the *cabochon* form, though found in comparatively regular shapes. This is not strictly an English word, but we have no other to express the idea, and as it is constantly used among English dealers in gems, it is entitled to a place in English dictionaries.

Calash.—The Italian *calare*, to let down, as applicable to a carriage with a top which can be lowered or raised at pleasure, is *primâ facie* a probable etymology for this word in both its meanings. Its real derivation

is purely a historical question, and a mere resemblance between *calash* and a Slavonic word signifying not specifically a carriage with a movable top, but, generally, any wheel carriage, is not sufficient evidence of relationship between the two.

Caliber.—The derivation from "*qua libra*, of what pound, what weight," is unsupported by historical evidence, and is of very slight philological probability. The word first appears in Spanish, and the Arabic *galab*, a mould for casting, a pattern, a model or standard, is in all likelihood the true source of *caliber*.

Cui Julli Cesaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. With Explanatory Notes by George Stuart, A.M., Professor of the Latin Language in the Central High School of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother, 1867.)—This is, we are informed, the first of a series of Greek and Latin text-books to be published by the Messrs. Eldridge under the name of "Chase and Stuart's Classical Series." In external form and typography it is superior to most American school-books; in other respects we are sorry to find less improvement than we had hoped. In striving to avoid encumbering the work with matter which should more properly be found in books of reference, the editor seems to us to have gone too far the other way, and to have omitted much that is really indispensable. The life of Caesar prefixed is meagre and unsatisfactory; the map of Gaul small and incomplete. We should have been glad, also, to have seen a brief but accurate argument of the contents of each book given at the beginning; a running chronology at the top of each page; a brief chronological table at the end of the text, followed by a short historical introduction; a diagram illustrating the crucial passage in Lib. IV. cap. xvii., is almost indispensable to making the passage intelligible to the majority of school boys. The interpretation of difficult passages and the explanation of constructions given in the notes are, for the most part, as they should be, brief, intelligible, and correct. We have specified the defects of the book more at length than we should otherwise have done, in the hope that the gentlemen who have in charge the remaining books of the series will consider somewhat more carefully the peculiar requirements of text-books in a country like our own, where books of reference, beyond the most ordinary grammars and dictionaries, are, except in cities, extremely rare, and for boys at school almost unattainable.

Recent Republications.—Scribner, Welford & Co. offer in one small volume, which yet is too large, an epitome of Miss Agnes Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens of England*," a work which in its original form made something like six octavo volumes. The abridgment is done by Miss Strickland herself, and is done "for the use of schools and families." For anything we can see, all the unreliability of the six volumes is got without diminution into the one, and the youthful student will have to read about as many better books in correction of this as in correction of those. It will not, however, go into many schools or families in this country.

The third edition of a book published by T. N. Kurtz, of Baltimore, and James Miller, of New York, we could, we think, describe better than by copying its title-page, but its title-page may pass for an account of it: "*Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature. A Melange of Excerpts, Curious, Humorous, and Instructive. Collated by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D.*" "So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned; and it was about an ephah of barley."—Ruth ii. 17. "I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."—Montaigne. "The string that ties them" is that all are in a sense literary curiosities—specimens of acrostics, for example; of alliteration; of church yard literature; of difficult versification; of conformity of sense to sound; of inscriptions on bills, fly-leaves, inns, clocks, wedding-rings, window-panes; of anachronisms of Shakespeare; of macaronic verse; of Persian poetry, puzzles, Puritan peculiarities, and so on, and so on, almost without limit.

Mr. G. P. Putnam's "*Excursion Papers*" carries one to the chief cities of the continent of Europe, the Holy Land, the West Indies, the Pacific, the home of Evangeline, and the home of Elijah Pogram. Mr. Curtis is the only author whose hand we detect, and that is plainly visible in the opening paper: "*Newport in Winter*." It affords an interesting and in some respects curious parallel with Mr. Higginson's "*Oldport in Winter*," the one being the impressions of a transient visitor out of season, the other those of a recent settler who has summered and wintered the gay watering-place and the decayed town. Between the two the reader gets a very just idea of Newport, and even a local knowledge that will serve him should he ever go there. Of the other papers it may be said that they are all readable, and contain a good deal of trustworthy information. Mr. John Bannard's voyage down the Mississippi on a drift-log is the most remarkable "*excursion*" described in these covers. A part of this edition, we may remark by the way, is bound in paper only, and this, together with the title, "*Railway Classics*," may induce some to attach but a transient importance to the series, as if it were only to be read in the cars and left on the seat when the station is reached. But it has features that entitle it to permanent preservation, and the volumes in cloth would ornament the shelves of any library.

With the twelfth volume Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. complete their reprint of the works of Burke—an edition which lacks nothing in respect of good workmanship, typographical or editorial. There may have been elsewhere other as handsome editions as this, but the present publishers are more solicitous to say that they have spared no pains to make this more accurate than any, indeed as accurate as possible, and that they have reasonably succeeded in so doing. We believe that the fact is as stated, and those who own these volumes may justly congratulate themselves on possessing the very best edition of Burke in the English language.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

FUTURE POLITICAL ISSUES.

No one can doubt that the political issues of the war will soon pass away, unless revived by the folly of those who assume to be the especial friends of the South. There can be no dispute over negro slavery when negro suffrage is an accomplished fact. Nor will those who were loudest in opposition to the admission of the negro to political privileges venture upon any practical effort to take from him the ballot which he has gained in spite of them. Doubtless, in a few isolated States, a blind and stupid party will take pride in delaying the application of the principle of equality to their own States, but this cannot defeat its final triumph, nor give rise to a national contest. But in conceding that these issues, which have occupied so much of our own thought, and which have absorbed our energies in the past, must pass away, we by no means admit that the party which has maintained the side of universal liberty in the contest so nearly over must also pass into obscurity. Parties live long upon the tradition of past achievements—longer, in many cases, than is good for the country or even for themselves; for a party is better dead than moribund. The Whig party of England held power for seventy years upon the credit of 1688, and even yet, although reduced to a mere shadow, has the largest share of the government by virtue of its past history. The Tories retained power uninterruptedly for fifteen years after their triumphant conclusion of the war against Napoleon. So in this country the Democratic party has lived through blunders, incapacity, and corruption of the most amazing kind, solely upon its traditions of past glories; and to-day the great embarrassment of its managers is, that while its present organization is too offensive to the loyal spirit of the country to warrant the hope of winning a majority to its side, the party name constitutes so much of its strength with its present adherents that an abandonment of that name would probably disband the party.

We see no reason for supposing that the Republican party will prove an exception to this general rule. It has achieved a military success as complete as and more marvellous than the triumph of England over Napoleon, which gave the Tories a long lease of power. It has enfranchised a larger proportion of the Southern people than the Whig party of England did of its people in 1832. The strength of the hold which it has thus acquired upon the new voters is proved at every Southern election; and there are as yet no serious indications of its power being diminished at the North. It cannot calculate upon a blind and unconditional support; but it has every reason to expect that it will command the grateful and affectionate adherence, within reasonable limits, of vast masses of men who look upon it as the instrument of their own elevation or the preservation of a system dear to them as their own lives.

Some questions, over which there is just now much clamor, are not of sufficient importance to have a permanent or general effect upon politics. Thus the eight-hour delusion, which is being made use of quite extensively by desperate politicians, will speedily expend its force in a few still-born statutes. Probably nine-tenths of the real workers of the country have no interest in an eight-hour law; and even the classes who are deceived by their addle-pated leaders into relying upon it as a means of their elevation, will speedily be disgusted with its results, if they succeed in putting it in force. Nor will any of the other schemes for interference with property or business raise any permanent political issue. A community in which property is so widely spread as it is in our Northern States cannot be led into any hare-brained plans for its redistribution. The laborer who has saved one hundred dollars is too tenacious of that to be willing to divide it with his peniless neighbor, in the hope of getting a larger share in the general division. The South contains a much greater proportion of destitute people, and therefore such visionary schemes may for a while be popular there; but the colored people are beginning to accumulate property under equal laws, and will lose all interest in confiscation as soon as

they have homes of their own, however small and mean. While severely censuring those who strive to delude the negro with the hope of plundering his late master, we are not apprehensive that any such efforts can be successful.

The issues arising out of temperance and Sunday laws are merely local; and though they may be controlling in New York, yet they will be settled there without affecting national politics very materially.

The reconstruction of the South will not be completed, even under the most favorable circumstances, until the spring of 1868; and until that is accomplished, its completion will be the chief political consideration with the people. Even after the restoration of the Southern States to the full privileges of the Union, there must be a period of anxiety for the successful working of the new machinery which will tend to unite the Republican party, and thus to prolong its power.

Financial questions must, however, absorb a larger share of attention in the future than they have in the past. The amount to be raised by taxation is so large as to require a degree of wisdom in the mode of assessment which has never before been called for, and which is consequently not to be found among our legislators. The public mind is uneducated on these points, and the people, seeking blindly for relief from burdens which oppress them, are for a time at the mercy of charlatans, who offer remedies which seem to promise instant relief, but which really aggravate the disease. The hard lessons of experience will soon make us all wiser, and we shall learn that the possession of long rivers, great mountains, vast prairies, and free institutions does not liberate us from the laws of political economy, as thousands of well-meaning men now firmly believe that it does. By-and-by they will discover that water runs down hill in America just as much as in Europe.

Now, there is no absolute necessity for drawing party lines upon financial issues. For years to come there will be so much doubt as to the stability of the new order of things in the South as to make it the duty of all good men to co-operate in guaranteeing equal rights, in maintaining justice, and in promoting education. In most of the Southern States, if not in all, the numerical power of the colored race will steadily diminish, by reason of the increase of white immigration, hitherto kept out by slavery and its concomitants. The colored people must rise in intelligence with a rapidity unequalled by any other liberated race in order to counteract their loss of the influence of mere numbers. That they are capable of doing this, we believe; but the work to be done by and among them is immense, and requires all the moral influence and material aid which the North can give. It might be seriously retarded if the National Government should fall into unfriendly hands. For this purpose the Republican party ought to keep itself in power, and if it acts wisely it can do so. But it must be tolerant of differences of opinion upon minor points, however important they may be. It has no right to construct a platform upon which a large minority of its members cannot stand. It has no right to deny nominations to men who are preferred by the people, and against whom no objection is made except that upon some question of revenue, currency, or local legislation they differ from the party managers. This is the natural tendency of all triumphant parties, and it is one of the principal reasons why they fall asunder. It is a moral impossibility to find a hundred intelligent men whose views coincide upon every political issue; and parties, which organize by millions, must inevitably contain an endless diversity of views.

Nor is it upon mere party grounds that we desire to see toleration upon the subjects we have mentioned. These subjects will be more impartially discussed, and the popular verdict upon them will be more likely to be just, if they are not made the grounds of party divisions. Neither will either party feel bound upon its accession to power to reverse the financial policy of the preceding administration, as it otherwise would; and thus the stability of commercial arrangements would not depend upon the maintenance of any party. In proportion, therefore, to the certainty of justice which either side to these controversies feels, should be its anxiety to keep its dogmas out of mere partisan politics.

If, however, the managers of the Republican party, elated with success and over-influenced by special interests, should insist upon conformity to their financial views as a test of party fidelity, they will

certainly destroy its supremacy. For by virtue of the very intelligence, education, and morality of its members, of which the party is so justly proud, it necessarily includes within itself a multitude of conflicting opinions, deliberately formed and conscientiously adhered to by men who will not suffer dictation. We suppose that a party caucus at Washington would decide in favor of an inflation of the currency; but if it should proceed to rule out of the party all who refused to endorse that opinion, it would lose almost every Eastern State.

Party ties hang more loosely than they formerly did. Twenty years ago a majority of ten thousand was enough to determine the political character of a State for years. Now majorities of thirty to fifty thousand are no guaranty of permanence. The defeated party is not disheartened; the successful party cannot venture to relax its efforts. A greater responsibility, therefore, rests upon party managers to avoid needless tests, and to abstain from attempts to drive men as intelligent as themselves and more independent.

CLASSES IN POLITICS.

BEFORE the war it would have been difficult to point, in the Northern States at least, to a single indication, except the steady growth of large manufactories worked by hired laborers, that the great curse of the Old World—the division of society into classes—was likely to befall us here or affect American politics. But this growth was not rapid enough to warrant the apprehension that the general progress of society and the abundance of land would not suffice to counteract any tendency to the formation of permanent social divisions. The great development given to manufactures, however, by the high tariff, and the premium on gold, and the powerful stimulus given to immigration by the consequent demand for labor, have done more within the last five years, we venture to assert, towards reproducing in many of the States the most marked features of European society, than all other influences combined had done during the previous twenty years. Everybody acknowledges that in New England, for instance, the old state of society, the equality, the general intelligence, the perfect community of feeling, are fast vanishing. The cities are now peopled with artisans living almost from hand to mouth, and great capitalists are employing whole armies of persons, from whom, no matter how good their intentions, they are of necessity separated by a wide social gulf. Moreover, the American mechanics who were bred under the ancient régime, and to whom classes and class feeling are as novel as detestable, are daily abandoning the Eastern States and seeking new homes in the West, because they cannot accept the position assigned them in the new order of things—the position of inferiority and dependence and isolation, into which the newly-arrived foreigners pass as a matter of course, without desiring or, for a while at least, expecting anything better.

Now, classes once formed, the growth and development and appearance in politics of class feeling is a matter of course. We have the first expression of it in the eight-hour agitation. This agitation has owed the success it has achieved to the formation in nearly every State of a powerful party composed of voters who deliberately adopted as the motive of their political action the theory that the national issues which divided the great political parties, such as the terms of reconstruction, the regulation of the suffrage, the tariff and the currency, or the foreign policy of the Government, either did not concern them at all, or only concerned them in a minor degree, and who determined that they would support whichever party, no matter what its general aims might be, was willing to go farthest in the legal regulation of the relations between employer and employed. Accordingly, we have seen in nearly every State Democrats and Republicans bidding for their support by rampant professions of willingness to do whatever the "working-man" might require of them. It is true that the measure of success yet achieved by the movement has been very trifling. Its leaders have been simple enough to accept acts of the legislature which really give them nothing they did not possess before, but in this we confess we can see nothing very reassuring, as it shows that these leaders have not only learnt the secret of their power, but are very gullible. Of course the laws of trade are stronger than acts of the legislature, and so is the practical good sense of the community. Therefore we need not fear that the delusion that working-men profit

as much by eight as by ten hours' labor will last very long; but we do fear that the collapse of the delusion will not put a stop to class action in politics. We may depend upon it we shall hear of it again in our party struggles. When "one of our grandest public men," as *The Independent* calls Mr. Wade, can find nothing better to do than harangue on the inequality of fortunes as an evil which legislation can possibly rectify in a country in which large fortunes are almost always prizes of industry or economy or sagacity, we may be sure there will be plenty of voters always found to treat poverty and hard work as great political abuses.

Besides the "working-man's" party, there has grown up since the war an Irish party, or, more strictly speaking, a Fenian party, which is the worst and most dangerous of all, as it contains the most ignorant and least civilized elements of the population. It is true that before the war the Irish vote was a matter of considerable importance to politicians, and strenuous efforts were made to secure it by any sort of compliances that might be necessary. But the Irish of that day, to do them justice, were not exacting, and they were comparatively a feeble body. They sought nothing beyond equality and easy admission to citizenship, and as much broad flattery of their national peculiarities and broad abuse of England as orators in and out of Congress might find it convenient to utter. The highest ambition of the Irish voter at that time was to be absorbed in the ranks of the Democratic party, and to act with it on great questions simply as an American citizen. He was almost always a supporter of slavery because he feared the negro would come North and take his work from him, and he was, of course, in favor of the largest extension of the rights of man, of the largest possible number of officers and elections; but in his political acts he got rid, as far as possible, of all marks of foreign origin.

Latterly, however, the Irish have received powerful reinforcements from home, and although they opposed the war bitterly at the polls, they rendered considerable service in the field. Before it closed they had formed a distinctly Irish party, the object of which is to keep alive amongst Irish settlers in this country the feeling that they belong to a separate nationality, and have and ought to have hopes, aims, and interests apart from the rest of the community, and that the main value of American citizenship consists in the means it affords of securing either aid or impunity for the organization on American soil of hostile expeditions against a foreign power. To mark the character of the organization, too, still more distinctly, the form of a political party has been thrown aside and that of a separate political community assumed—a sort of *imperium in imperio*, with an executive head, a legislature, administrative bureaux, an army, and a treasury, and machinery for raising revenue. Of course an organization of this kind in this age and in this country would speedily perish of its own folly and absurdity if it were met with calm good sense by the rest of the nation. But it has not been so met, and is not likely to be. The House of Representatives at once went to work to assist the leaders in keeping up the delusion by bills and resolutions, while a portion of the press, and a very influential portion, has also lent aid. The *New York Tribune*, which has been for twenty-five years the organ of what is most moral, high-minded, truthful, and religious in the community, and which acquired almost all its influence by its attacks on political time-serving, humbug, and dishonesty, and which for years was never weary of exposing the way in which the Democratic party played on the ignorance of the Irish voters, at once recognized the Fenian organization as a natural, proper, and valuable political entity, capable of making war and peace, and likely to dismember the British Empire.

It reported the Fenian campaigns with the greatest care and approbation, and violently assailed the President for obeying his oath of office by preventing the irruption of large bands of marauders into Canada. The result was that when an attempt was made to bring the leaders to justice they defied the Government, browbeat the United States judges, and drove the District Attorney into an abandonment of the prosecution. More than this, they have in this city, strange as it may sound, actually succeeded in securing for their Church the position of an established church all but in name. Out of over \$100,000 voted from the city taxes in aid of various religious bodies last year, all but about \$5,000 were given to the Catholic Church; and, in addition to this, a grant of a block of land worth one million dollars, in the most valuable part of

the city, at a nominal rate for a term of one hundred years. To suppose that with these evidences of their power before their eyes the Fenians will speedily cease to act as a foreign party, or will any longer allow themselves to be influenced in their political action by American questions solely, would be to suppose them both enlightened and disinterested to a degree which we know they are far from having attained, and which no body of men in history similarly circumstanced have ever attained. They already, in all parts of the country in which they are to be found in large numbers, are able to secure practical impunity for almost any crime.

We were in hopes that when the emancipation of the negroes was achieved, when every legal distinction between them and men of other races had been abolished, and when the ballot had been put into their hands, all good and intelligent men, both North and South, would have united in trying to put their color for ever out of sight, to make them feel, and make others feel, that they had no interests apart from the rest of the community, that their political action ought to be guided by reference to the good of the nation at large, and that the race of life had to be run and its prizes won by them just as by white men, and that the true way to break down the social prejudice against them, and make it seem wicked and absurd, was to show that in freedom they were as capable of getting rich, of being as eloquent, learned, and accomplished, as the whites, and that all their friends would, therefore, put all their energies into furnishing them with the means of education and into enforcing the laws for the protection of their rights.

Far from this, however, a considerable body of Radicals are just now occupied in getting up a distinct negro party at the South, and is actually soliciting subscriptions for that purpose—a party based solely on color, whose mission it will be to remind the nation incessantly that the blacks are a class apart, with separate interests and aims, whose conduct ought not to be guided by the motives which act on the whites, and who are not only justified in using, but bound to use, their votes in so working on the greed or ambition or other base passions of party politicians as to extort from them honors or privileges for negroes which negroes could not otherwise receive. The confiscation of white men's lands is accordingly laid before them as the first political job they have to do, and they are assured that this is necessary to their elevation and happiness. More than this, they are assured that not only would this not be robbery, but that it would be a piece of statesmanship for which there are many historical precedents. The fact is that there is no class of prosperous farmers in the civilized world who have obtained their lands by any such process, that the reason why small landholders in various countries are happy and prosperous is, that their lands were honestly acquired and are industriously cultivated, that no confiscation on a great scale has ever taken place which did not result in ages of misery and confusion, and that the only approach to a precedent for the scheme now recommended as a panacea for negro ills is Baron Stein's reforms in Prussia. But these bore no sort of resemblance to the Phillips-Stevens plan. He did not confiscate; he simply gave the tenant farmers fixity of tenure in the farms they already held, converting all the landlord's claims into a fixed rent-charge. If this kind of teaching should prove successful—and we still hope the good sense of the negroes will defeat it—we should then, in addition to the working-men's party and the Irish party, have a black party, all three being bent on the promotion of their own interests at whatever cost, and all three putting their votes up to sale at every great election, and leading ambitious politicians into follies of which the worst exploits of the great political deceivers of the present day afford but a very imperfect idea.

WHO OWNS AN AUTHOR'S IDEAS ?

A LETTER from Mr. Merriam, the publisher of "Webster's Dictionary," has been published in *The Springfield Republican*, arguing against the justice and expediency of an international copyright, apropos of the recent discussion of the compensation received by Charles Dickens from American publishers. A corrected copy of the letter has been sent us, we presume by the author, and we infer from this that he invites an answer to his arguments, and considers them, as we have no doubt they are, a good statement of the case of those publishers who are opposed to being compelled by law to pay

foreign authors for the privilege of reprinting their books. We are very sorry that we have not space for the reproduction of the whole letter, but we shall endeavor not to misstate its positions in commenting upon them.

The first is that in refusing to pay English authors for their copyright American publishers simply do what English publishers do. Mr. Merriam says he has for thirty years published a series of English law-books, and has never paid a cent for the privilege; but, on the other hand, the English have gone on for the same period reissuing "Webster's Dictionary," a far more valuable work, and have refused all compensation to the author or his family or his publishers. The other day Mr. Merriam tried to sell the plates of an abridgment of the quarto to a London publisher, but was coolly told that a set could be manufactured in London for half the price. All this is, no doubt, valuable as a statement of facts, but as an argument against a copyright treaty, it is worthless. Reciprocity in stealing does not make theft any the less objectionable on the score either of expediency or morality. The same argument might have been set up by the inhabitants of the English and Scotch border in the sixteenth century against the interference of the two parliaments with their mutual raids. It would have doubtless been easy for any English cattle-lifter to show that there were as many cows carried off one side of the line as the other; but then one of the objects of government is to provide either by treaty or legislation better protection for property than is to be found in the liberty of each citizen to rob those who rob him. We do not put either American or English publishers on a level with caterans or cattle-lifters, but if authors have any property in their works other than what is created by local law, the conduct of those who republish their books without their consent can only be defended by taking a chapter or two out of the cateran's or cattle-lifter's code.

Have authors any such property? Is their right to print and publish their ideas the same in its essence as their right to the possession of their land or houses, or is copyright merely a privilege conferred by local law for the encouragement of literary talent and industry, and which no foreigner is bound to regard? This is, after all, the main question; and whether the American or English publishers who reprint foreign books without compensating the writers are or are not guilty of wrong-doing, depends on how it is answered. Let us hear what Mr. Merriam says on this point:

"What are the true grounds for a claim for an international copyright?—for the question finally resolves itself into this, since the foreign author does not assume the attitude of a beggar. It is said an author has a natural, perfect, perpetual, and inalienable—but by his own act—right to the coinage of his own brain, as fully as the mechanical workman to the product of his own hands; that no publisher, therefore, foreign or domestic, has any moral right to issue his work but by a special arrangement with the author, and on such terms, if at all, as he may prescribe. I deny the premise, and the conclusion therefore fails. It is true that while his manuscript is in his own possession he may do what he will with his own. As Peter said to Ananias about the piece of ground, 'While it remained, was it not thine own?' But when he publishes, he parts with his exclusive ownership, and gives it to the public under a contract with that public which for the benefit thus received secures to him in return certain valuable unexclusive rights and enjoyments, and extends over him the shield of its protective law. In other words, literary property is the creature of law. If it were not so, if the author's property in his work is founded in natural right, then is he entitled to the exclusive enjoyment not only in all lands, but through all time, and the descendants or heirs of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer, and David even, as well as the living Dickens and Longfellow, may claim perpetual toll on the continued published writings of those immortal men. But no copyright legislation of any nation that I ever heard of accords this exclusive enjoyment but for a fixed and limited period. If, then, it may be limited as to time, it may also as to territory, and finally, as an international question, resolves itself into one of policy and expediency, precisely, in regard to literary wares, like the question of free trade or a dutiable commodity, in the hardware or woollens or silks of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, or Lyons. Why should the British author or the British public, with strange inconsistency, clamor for free trade in the one and demand a high protective duty in the other? Let them take either horn, but not gore us with both."

When we began to read the foregoing paragraph, we imagined that Mr. Merriam was going to prove to us that the author's property in his works was not founded in natural right. But he contents himself with "denying the premise," and the reason he gives for denying it is that he has never heard of any legislation in which this natural right was recognized, and this he evidently considers a *reductio ad absurdum*. There are, however, a good many very good natural rights which legislators have never, or only very recently, recognized. We maintain that copyright is a natural right; that legislation does not create it, that the absence of legislation cannot destroy it, that honest men are just as much bound to respect it as any other right for which legislators have been too careless or too ignorant to provide protection; and we maintain, moreover, that no moral distinction of any value for legislative purposes has ever been pointed out between a man's property in his horse and a man's right of printing and selling the expression of his

ideas, except the vastly greater deprivation which would be suffered by the community from the dearth of ideas than from the dearth of horses. The only reason for imposing any restriction on Longfellow or Thackeray in the disposition of their copyrights is the very reason which has prompted all governments to regulate the disposition of all other kinds of property. I am not permitted to tie up my personal property in perpetuity because perpetuities are considered injurious to the community at large, and my copyright ceases after a certain period because a perpetual monopoly of it would, it is believed, do my fellow-men more harm than it would do me or my descendants good; but my right to the enjoyment of it for a period sufficient to compensate me for my labor in producing the book is as unquestionable as my right to my bank stock or specie.

How it is that ordinary minds have always found so much difficulty in perceiving the true nature of an author's claim to the exclusive reproduction of his works is not, we think, very difficult to explain. Property in anything apart from possession is an abstract idea. It requires some education and some imagination to grasp it. To the savage, property in a thing and possession of it are inseparable. In his eyes, possession lost, property is lost. In fact, odd as it may sound, for the thorough and ready comprehension of legal ideas nothing is more necessary than a cultivated imagination. There is very little doubt that ignorance promotes crime mainly through its damaging influence on this faculty. The ignorant man robs and murders more readily than the educated man, because he has greater difficulty in picturing to himself the consequences of his crime and the feelings or relations of his victim. To make an ignorant or uncultivated man thoroughly recognize property in a thing, therefore, you have to show him the owner in actual corporeal possession of it. Uses and trusts, for instance, were the product of high civilization; a barbarian could not be made to understand them. Now there is no species of property so intangible, delicate, and so dissociated outwardly from actual possession, as an author's or inventor's or designer's property in his ideas, and, therefore, there is no species of property which has had so much difficulty in securing recognition from legislators, and of the sanctity of which it is so hard to persuade the ordinary run of men. They understand readily, as Mr. Merriam does, an author's property in his manuscript so long as he has it in his hands, or an inventor's property in his invention as long as he keeps his model locked up in his closet, but that either should continue to be the owner of the ideas and have the right of following them after they have floated out in the world, and sell the right to embody them at a distance in machinery or ornamentation or books, they have great difficulty in comprehending at all.

Accordingly, we find that, at the bottom of the copyright legislation of nearly every country, there lies a desire rather to encourage authors to write than to do them justice. A temporary monopoly is conferred on them in order to stimulate them to the full use of their powers. We see, too, in the most highly civilized countries, plenty of men of good character and standing, who would sooner die than steal a watch or forge a bill of exchange, even if all the legal penalties of those offences were suspended, and who will yet have no hesitation whatever in stealing a book or an invention and making a fortune out of it, if the unhappy author or inventor should have neglected the legal formalities necessary to protect it, and will drive him from their door with contumely if he ask for a share in their profits, although they know that it has cost him years of toil and privation, and though it may be a marvel of ingenuity and may be capable of changing the face of a continent or the fortunes of a nation. In fact, an inventor who does not know how to surround the results of his labor with the necessary legal guards is treated very much as a helpless traveller is apt to be treated by a gang of Bedouins. Everybody who can turn his wares to account proceeds to plunder him without mercy or scruple, and, for so doing, does not suffer in the least in the opinion of his neighbors. Authors fare rather better, and this for two reasons, partly because the temptation to steal an invention, out of which a fortune may perhaps be made in a year, is greater than the temptation to steal a book, from which the most that can generally be expected is a small addition to the publisher's income; and secondly, because publishers are a more cultivated body of men than manufacturers or machinists. But even some of them often treat the laws of morality in this matter as figments of the literary imagination, and will tell an author, the sale of whose thoughts is enriching them, that inasmuch as he is not a countryman of theirs, or as there is no act of Congress or Parliament recognizing his right to the fruits of his toil, they will give him nothing, and think him a ninny for expecting anything.

To show what depths of absurdity have been reached in the search of some support for this monstrous position, we may mention here that a Western philosopher named Kroeger has actually propounded the doctrine

that no foreigner has in any country any moral claim to protection for either life, freedom, or property, much less to copyright. Hear him, in the *St. Louis Republican*:

"If a foreigner or Englishman travels abroad—say in France—his life, freedom, and property is respected, not as rights guaranteed by France, but because reasons of expediency and courtesy urge France to protect all strangers from countries in which French travellers may be likely to require the same courtesy. If a war should break out between both countries, or even if their friendship should cool off, this courtesy would diminish in an equal degree or cease altogether."

On this theory, when King Khamrasi plunders and eats all the strangers who enter Unyoro, he acts in his strict right. Louis Napoleon, therefore, refrains from cutting off the heads of the Americans in Paris, and dressing the Empress and the Court ladies in their diamonds and cashmere shawls, not because the Americans have any right to better treatment, but because he is a well bred man.

The most singular portion of Mr. Merriam's position, however—and it is not his only—has still to be noticed. He acknowledges an author's property in his manuscript, but denies him any natural right to the exclusive reproduction of what it contains. We have already tried to account for this doctrine by ascribing it to deficiency of imagination. But its economical absurdity is not visible at first sight. A book in manuscript in an author's possession has no economical value whatever. It is so much waste paper, worth perhaps seven cents a pound. Therefore a legislator or political economist can hardly be said to be in any manner concerned about it. *De minimis non curat Prætor*. The author's title to it is not worth discussing, and when Mr. Merriam concedes it, he simply trifles with us. When we talk of books as property, and therefore as articles of commerce, as things which can be bought and sold and pledged, and the title to which is a subject for the consideration of the legislator or economist or honest man, we mean the ideas, and the particular mode of expressing them which the book contains. It is to get at these that the book is bought; it is these which furnish the inducement for publishing the manuscript, and without these it is not a marketable commodity, or, in other words, has no value in use, and hardly any value in exchange. Property in a book does not mean property in two or three pounds of paper; it means the right to multiply the manuscript, or, in other words, the combination of words and signs to be found on the manuscript. This is a commodity; this has value; by this money may be made; this is worth stealing; so that what Mr. Merriam really maintains is that the very act of bringing a certain thing to market deprives the owner of the exclusive right to sell it; that, in short, the very and the only step which gives the author's work economical value gives everybody else the right to fall on him and plunder him. What would Mr. Merriam think of telling a farmer that his wheat was his own as long as it lay in his barn, but if he threshed it out and offered it for sale it became thereupon the property of mankind? What befogs Mr. Merriam, as well as many other good men, on this point, is the circumstance—morally utterly unimportant—that the book can be reproduced at any distance from the author and without his assistance. But no matter how many editions of a book may be published, it is still the author's labor, and not the printer's, which gives each of them all its value. If you could take out of each printed copy of a work what the author has contributed to it, it would bear about the same relation to the commodity which the public seek that a dead carcass would bear to the living horse. The author's connection with his book differs from other kinds of property, in short, not in essence, but in incidents; it is less apparent, but not less real.

Why, it will be asked, have not authors and inventors asserted their rights, and forced governments to protect their interests, as other classes of the community have? There are several answers to this, but we can only stop to mention the principal one—and that is the recent growth of the class. It is only within the memory of men now living that authorship can be said to have become a profession, or that property in books has been worth thinking about or legislating about. It is still a precarious profession, its most successful members are rarely wholly dependent on it, and the distance between the grades is so great that there is little unity of feeling amongst them, and consequently concert of action, so that the growth of what politicians would call an "author's interest" has been almost impossible. But we feel satisfied that now that successful books have become so enormously valuable, now that the copyright of a first-class history or novel, even as copyright now is, is worth a fortune, it will be difficult to maintain much longer the code of morality about authors' rights of which Mr. Merriam has made himself the expounder, or to prevent the assimilation in the moral sense as well as in the legislation of all civilized countries of literary property to other property. Mr. Merriam con-

cludes his letter by opposing an international copyright on the simple ground of expediency—inasmuch as, owing to the greater number of readers in America than in England, America gains more for the present by stealing from English authors than England can for the present gain by stealing from American authors. This mode of justifying stealing reminds us of the excuse made by the Earl of Kildare for burning the Cathedral of Cashel, that he thought the Archbishop was inside. You commit a wrong and offer as a justification what is in reality an aggravation—that you have the advantage of your victim in strength and skill.

We have only been able to speak here of the moral basis of literary property. Of the expediency of respecting it we hope to speak hereafter.

MAURICE SAND'S SKETCH OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

OUR readers may remember that we attempted some time ago to give them an idea of a study of American life and manners made by M. Maurice Sand in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and called "Miss Mary." When we took leave of the hero and heroine, M. de Montaret, the young French engineer, and Miss Mary Sewell, the young New York lady, the daughter of the wealthy and respectable New York banker and speculator, she had just presented him with a ring and, to his great astonishment, had declared herself engaged to him, and they were kissing on the track of the railroad at Cleveland until interrupted by the approach of a locomotive. M. Sand's position in the French literary world, and still more the position of the periodical which publishes his tale, are such that it would be hardly respectful to pass hastily by any picture of American society which they may present for our edification, and although most Americans probably think they know American society pretty well, there is always something to be learnt from the observations of an agreeable foreign traveller. We therefore propose not to follow "Miss Mary" to the end, but to give some further glimpses of the world in which M. Sand describes her as living.

Miss Mary accompanied her father and lover on their second trip to the great iron mines at Lake Superior, in which Mr. Sewell and M. de Montaret were interested, and there had a variety of adventures with Indians and rival explorers, and were followed secretly by Miss Arabella Williams, the opera singer and chorister of Grace Church, who was madly jealous of Miss Mary. During their stay at the mines, however, an Indian chief named Wakontchaka fell in love with Arabella, and Naissa, a beautiful Indian squaw, fell in love with M. Montaret, and, after much heart-burning, intriguing, and one or two attempts at assassination, they all returned to New York after having secured some capital property at the mines.

They were hardly at home when the rapacious Sewell—true American father that he was—gets Montaret to settle his own share of the mining property on Miss Mary, and actually cheats the unsuspecting Frenchman into the belief that this is Miss Mary's "dot." Money, however, is not the only object of Sewell's desires. He is also capable of loving woman in a coarse, violent, eager way; so he falls in love with Arabella Williams, who, partly from a desire to get at his money and partly from a desire to get into the position of a stepmother to Miss Mary, so as to wreak vengeance on her more effectually, accepts his advances. They become engaged. Sewell takes a gorgeous house for Arabella at "Glen Cow," where she and her mother live in barbarous luxury on his money pending the nuptials, and waited on by an Irish girl of great beauty named Fanny, whom the cunning Sewell has engaged to serve as a spy on the conduct of his betrothed. M. de Montaret's feelings as he watches these performances may be imagined but cannot be described.

About this time M. de Montaret is taking a walk one evening at the lower end of Broadway, when whom should he see on the Battery but Wakontchaka, the Indian chief, covered with feathers and war paint, and armed to the teeth, addressing a large crowd in French, an obliging gentleman who happened to be present translating the speech, which was received with great applause. Montaret interrupted it, and carried the Indian off to his hotel, where the latter explained to him that he had come on from Lake Superior on foot, through the snow, simply to see Arabella Williams, for love of whom he was suffering tortures under which the bravest pale-face would succumb. He accordingly went to the Academy of Music that very night to hear her sing; and although the appearance of an Indian chief in the parquet, in full costume, with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, excited a little surprise at first, the performance went on as usual, Wakontchaka, however, standing on his seat and testifying his admiration of Arabella's singing and general appearance in a manner natural to his wild but simple nature, in spite of the efforts of Montaret's devoted black valet, Telemachus by name, to get the untutored savage to sit down and conduct himself with propriety. Things came to a crisis, however, when

Arabella, at the close of the act, began to withdraw from the stage. The chief crossed the parquet, over the heads of the audience, in three bounds, smashed the musical instruments in the orchestra, lighted on the stage, and, with a yell of love and admiration, proposed to Arabella to sing and dance with him before the pale-faces. Arabella took refuge in her box and barred the door. Wakontchaka, overcome, says the chronicler, with love and whiskey, was demanding admission, when the manager, Mr. Sewell, and six policemen made their appearance on the scene, and "invited" the chief to stop his noise and quit the place. The only answer made by the son of the forest to this coarse appeal was to draw his tomahawk and proceed to break the door open. The policemen thereupon flung themselves upon him, but, being slippery and lightly clad, he glided from their hands like a serpent and ran to the end of the lobby, cocked his rifle, shot a policeman, and made his escape to M. de Montaret's hotel, and to him he told the story in the high-epic fashion in which he always conversed. Montaret was naturally alarmed, washed Wakontchaka's face, put a pair of pantaloons, an overcoat, and a hat on him, led him stealthily to Harlem, where he put him in the train for the north, with his rifle wrapped up in a buffalo robe, and a purse in the pocket of the pantaloons. So far all was well, but the last thing Wakontchaka said clearly indicated that he expected Montaret to marry Naissa, his cousin, "the pretty squaw."

Now, Mr. Sewell was not a man of much delicacy of feeling, and did not, of course, care much about having his *fiancée* figuring in the opera, but having her chased off the stage by a Red Indian was a little too much even for his hardened nature, so he paid twenty thousand dollars to the manager to release Arabella from her engagement, and made her retire to "Glen Cow." Here in selfish and voluptuous ease she brooded over her plans of vengeance on Miss Mary and Montaret, the latter of whom she still madly loved. In the spring they all went back once more to the mines, taking with them a great army of workmen, but found that in the interval a rival company had taken possession of the mines and was working them. Miss Mary, fierce and implacable, brave and reckless of bloodshed, as American girls usually are, wants to attack the intruders at once; so does her father, who thirsts for dividends; and it is with the greatest difficulty that Montaret and his uncle, an old missionary priest, manage to keep the peace. Anything to equal the villany of their rivals has never been witnessed, except perhaps the rage and rancor of Mr. Sewell. In an interview with the opposite party Miss Sewell interrupted the negotiations by drawing a little revolver which she carried in her pocket, and the result was a volley from the enemy, one ball going through the folds of her petticoat. Her father had soon after to go to Lansing to procure evidence of his title from the State authorities. Miss Mary refused to accompany him, as she had perceived Naissa the squaw's growing attachment for Montaret, and stayed behind to keep an eye on them, evidently having little faith in the Frenchman's fidelity. She remained, therefore, as the guest of the doctor of the mines, and looked sharply after her lover and the squaw.

Meantime Arabella Williams was far from being satisfied with her rural retreat at "Glen Cow." Jealousy and *ennui* combined to make that peaceful abode perfectly insupportable to her, and as she cared nothing about Mr. Sewell, she determined to make one more effort to carry off M. de Montaret from her hated rival. She accordingly packed her trunks and started for Lake Superior, with the lovely but perfidious Fanny, a cook, *maitre de hotel*, coachman, and carriage and horses. When near the mines she lost her way in the woods, and, as one might expect, was captured by her lover, the Indian chief Wakontchaka, who carried her off three days' journey out of her route, and lodged her in an abandoned house belonging to a defunct mining corporation, and pressed his suit with all a savage's ardor and impetuosity. She devised various plans for escaping—one was to ride on horseback for her health and bolt when opportunity served, but the wary Wakontchaka penetrated her design and killed every horse belonging to the tribe. After this she was followed whenever she walked abroad by the chief's two sisters and twenty picked squaws of inferior condition, so that escape was hopeless.

She now set to work to weave an infernal plot for the destruction of her rival, the hated Miss Mary. Wakontchaka, of course, knew that Montaret was engaged to Miss Mary, but he also knew that the lovely squaw Naissa was enamored of the same gentleman, and as he himself loved Montaret also for having given him a rifle and a new suit of clothes, and helped him out of his scrape at the Academy of Music, he was naturally anxious that he should marry into his family and not into the pale-face Sewell connection. On these mingled feelings of his simple savage heart did the wily Arabella play. She got him to approach the mines with his young men and herself, with the view of kidnapping Miss Mary. The braves reached the scene just as the Montaret party were going to make an armed attack on the entrenched

camp of their enemies; and when the chief and his band arrived on the field of battle they found Miss Mary on horseback in front of the line cheering on the miners to the assault, and her vindictive parent, whose thirst for vengeance was only equalled by his thirst for gold, lurking behind logs, and taking sly shots with his rifle at such of the opposite party as were special objects of his hate. With the assistance of the Indians, who charged with loud cheers, very much in the same way as the Zouaves, the position was easily carried, but the slaughter was horrible. Montaret, outraged by the part his *fiancée* had taken in the fray, dragged her from her horse and carried her to the rear, with bitter reproaches. She, deeply moved, admitted to him that her conduct had been strange and unbecoming, but confessed that she had charged in the forefront of the battle in the hope that a friendly bullet would end her days, her life having become perfectly insupportable through her jealousy of the lovely squaw Naissa.

Mr. Sewell's behavior after the fight was deplorable. Instead of seeking to bring the criminals who had been captured to justice, he offered to let off the guiltiest of them all for one hundred thousand dollars, and made the wretch sign a note for that amount on the spot. This caused Montaret's cup to flow over. He determined to break off his engagement and cut the Sewell connection on the spot, and sought an interview with Mr. Sewell for that purpose. But the miserable papa, true Yankee as he was, refused to release him from his engagement with his daughter, unless he made an assignment to him of all his (Montaret's) interest in the mines; but this done, he declared the match broken off, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion. That very night Miss Mary is carried off by Wakontchaka and his band, and is closely followed by Montaret, in whom a reaction has set in. On the arrival of the young lady at Wakontchaka's headquarters, Arabella Williams earnestly entreats the chief to tie her up and torture her, an incident which may give one an idea of the terrible nature of the passion of jealousy as it shows itself in the breasts of New York musicians. Wakontchaka, however, refuses, though he attempts some moral torture, by tying Mary to a tree and driving tomahawks and knives into the wood close to her face; but she, with the undaunted courage and fortitude peculiar to young women in this country, never winks or begs for mercy.

Want of space prevents us, of course, following the story through all its details. Wakontchaka found out that Arabella Williams was going to marry Mr. Sewell, was transported with fury and flung her into a lake, and, when she attempted to scramble ashore, brained her with a tomahawk. On hearing of her death and seeing her mangled and repulsive remains, Mr. Sewell died of apoplexy, after having formally forbidden his daughter to marry Montaret. The young couple, who were now reconciled, returned to New York together, and got married on their arrival, but found that Arabella had spent all Mr. Sewell's money, and that the bride was penniless. So they went to work, and were very happy together.

Some people may think it wildly improbable that a young New York girl, whose character was at bottom very good, should behave in this odd way: "chaff" a strange Frenchman on a ferry-boat, walk up Broadway arm-in-arm with him after midnight, make declarations of love to him, give him a ring and kiss him in the middle of a railroad track, be furiously jealous of another young woman and insult her in public, be so alarmed by the affection of a young Sioux squaw for the man of her choice as to seek death in a border "muss," and bear a shower of Indian tomahawks without flinching. But those who do only display their own ignorance. That all this is very natural M. Sand explains in the following passage, which he puts into the mouth of his heroine. Her lover was having "an explanation" with her and reproaching her for her ferocity, cruelty, and hard-heartedness. Said she:

"Have you reflected on what you are saying, Henri? Have you not yourself already justified me, in saying that we live here in a world still half-savage? When foreigners see us pretty and stylish in our great cities, they are astonished that they should find us freer and bolder than seems useful or graceful; but look at our position; look at those forests which shut out the horizon, and remember that they cover immeasurable space. Those blue horizons, all wooded, all uncultivated, all alike, all wild, all filled with the same obstacles and the same perils! It is nevertheless into these terrible solitudes that we have to follow our husbands and our fathers; it is thither you yourself have led your *fiancée*; it is thence the civilized world is condemned to draw its resources and renew the elements of its existence. Can you severely blame a romantic young girl who, in her dreams of the future, had cherished the thought of taking the place of all else to her husband in this austere wilderness, in order not to prove an embarrassment to him in his march, to guarantee the security of his home in his absence, and, in fine, to dispute with robbers and savages and wild beasts the spouse of her bosom and the children of her womb? No, it is impossible; you cannot have spoken advisedly," etc., etc.

The freedom and independence of the young ladies of our Eastern cities, which have puzzled so many travellers, are now accounted for. These qualities are acquired in training for Indian fights, bear-hunts, and mining "scrim-

mages" in the far West, in the settlement and reclamation of which fashionable women, of course, bear a prominent part. M. Sand's *forte* is evidently "insight," and we trust the *Revue* will keep him at work on American subjects.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 7, 1867.

A CONSPICUOUS feature of the motley throng now filling the Exhibition and the thoroughfares of Paris is the deputation of the "Free-shooters" of the Vosges, 1,500 strong, who have come hither to see the Exhibition and to present their homage to the Prince Imperial, whom they have made their honorary president; a fine, sturdy, active set of men, in blouses, full trousers, and gaiters of unbleached linen, with pointed grey hats, surmounted by a bunch of cock's feathers and scarlet ribbons. They are lodged gratis in a vast building put up by the committee for facilitating the visits of workmen to the Exhibition, in the immediate neighborhood of the Champ de Mars, have been reviewed on the open ground of the Trocadero by the little Prince, arrayed in the uniform of the corps, and again by the Emperor in the Place du Carrousel, and dined and fêted to their hearts' content. Their appearance and manœuvring have excited such admiration that the Parisians are asking why such a corps should not be created in every department of France—forgetting that the institution has come down from the days when the Vosges were German, and is essentially German and not French in its spirit, as in its origin and organization.

The *bona fide* Strauss and his unrivalled band are giving, before returning to Vienna, a series of concerts that are abundantly justifying their high reputation, and completely eclipsing the performances not only of the so-called "Strauss orchestra" of this city, but even of the famous Waldteufel band, which during the last two "seasons" had come to be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of dance-music. The true Strauss divides his concerts into two parts, giving the first half of the evening to the choicest classical productions of the great German composers, rendered with inconceivable perfection under the leadership of the accomplished chapel-master of the Austrian Kaiser, and the second half, under his own leadership, to the bewitching dances which have made his father's name and his own so famous.

Joachim and Sivori have both been delighting their admirers. Each of these great artists, so unquestionably at the head of the violinists of our day, has his group of fantastic admirers ready to exalt its idol at the expense of his rival; but the mere lover of art would find it difficult to pronounce for either at the expense of the other. Nothing can exceed the large, magnificent mastery of his instrument which enables Joachim to draw forth the rich, round volume of tone that distinguishes his playing, and to render with equal perfection all the varied effects of the most sublime compositions of the immortal masters, as, on the other hand, nothing can be more exquisite than the melodious discourse of Sivori's bow, appealing in turn to every fibre of the listener's soul, rendering every emotion, and calling up with electric vividness all the images, the souvenirs, the aspirations it may be the magician's pleasure to evoke.

Madame Szarvoly (Wilhelmina Claus) is also here—in the quality of the tone she draws from the piano, and in her passionate and poetic mastery of that instrument, almost as splendidly apart from other pianists as are the two great artists just referred to from the other votaries of the violin. As for the operas, theatres, circuses, and other places of amusement more or less artistic, they are crammed night after night, those most in favor being unable to find accommodations for the crowds that apply for admission, and all of them making profits to an extent absolutely without parallel in their annals. Among other candidates for the contents of the public pocket, attracted hither by the great gathering of the present summer, is a conjuror of unknown origin who claims to be Chinese, and who, admitted a few days ago to give a specimen of his cunning to a select score or so of the members of the International Club, seems to have left those gentlemen in a state of doubt as to whether they had not become in watching his performances the victims of some sort of hallucination. Among other inexplicable feats performed by this new rival of the Boscos and Andersons was his apparent swallowing of eggs, glass balls, etc., which objects he presently drew forth seemingly from his mouth, one after the other, and this in a parlor, with no table or other screen before him, after which he seemed to plunge a large sword down his throat until only half of the weapon was visible, placed an iron ring weighing several pounds round the hilt, thus, as it were, forcing the sword down into his body until only ring and hilt remained in sight, took off the ring, fixed to the hilt a pistol furnished with a hollow appendage for receiving it, fired off the pistol, and drew forth the sword, as all the spectators would swear, were not the thing impossible, from his throat.

One of the favorite attractions here is the new "boxing exhibition"

which takes place daily at the Jardin Mabille, where the champions of the French ring, Roberts, Pons, Jacob, Merigrac, Gras, Hamel, and Staat, show off their "play" in the midst of an admiring crowd. The fact of such a spectacle being not only tolerated but enthusiastically patronized by the Parisians, who have hitherto been so loud in their denunciations of prize-fighting as a peculiarly English vice, is rather startling, especially as we are now informed that the South of France—whence all these heroes hail—is the conservator of the "pure traditions of gladiatorial art," and that the wrestlers of the Jardin Mabille are the lineal descendants and exact imitators of the athletes of the Coliseum. Such is the acceptance which has greeted these votaries of classic "sport" that it is gravely proposed to challenge the rest of the world to a grand international wrestling match.

The admirers of the Polish patriot, poet, and philosopher, Adam Mickiewicz, driven from his chair of literature in the College of Kowno for having joined the Society of the Philarèthes, which incurred the suspicion of the Russian Government, have just inaugurated a monument to his memory in the cemetery of Montmorency, where the Polish colony of Paris are accustomed to bury their dead. Prince Galitzin having obtained his recall from exile, attached him to his household; but his chivalric poem of *Konrad Walenrod*, published in 1828, having largely contributed to the Polish rising of 1830, the fiery poet established himself in Paris, where he published his terrible patriotic poems called "Old Men" and "Book of the Pilgrims," which paint with such harrowing fidelity the sufferings of his unhappy

nation, and a brilliant picture of life in Poland, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of *Monsieur Thadée*. Appointed in 1840 to the chair of Slavonic literature in the Collège de France, Mickiewicz, unable to repress the ardor of his national and republican convictions, gradually transformed his professorial chair into a political tribune, and thus drew upon himself the displeasure of the French Government, which deprived him of his post, which was given to Michelet, while Mickiewicz was consoled for his deposition by being made librarian of the Arsenal. In 1855, the French Government having sent him on a scientific mission to the East, he was seized with cholera in Constantinople and brought back to Paris a corpse. The Poles regard the great poet and *savant* as one of their noblest martyrs, and the inauguration of the monument to his memory was the occasion of a general gathering of the colony here resident. In curious contrast with such a life is that of the Baron James, head of the great house of Rothschild, who has just given a *déjeuner* of more than royal splendor to the King and Queen of the Belgians, at his château of Ferrières, which is not only one of the most magnificent residences of Europe, but is filled with art-treasures scarcely equalled even by the richest state collections, and contains, among other costly gatherings, a pheasantry not to be matched on this planet, and for which the old money-king has just purchased, for the pretty little sum of 2,750 frs., a peacock-pheasant, a bird so rare that only one other—the female in the Zoological Garden at Antwerp—has ever been imported into Europe.

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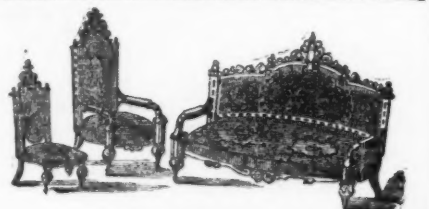
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AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
32	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Sami. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Flecher,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heimann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Maco,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Hamis,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Isachai H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
27	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
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30	Elakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000

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